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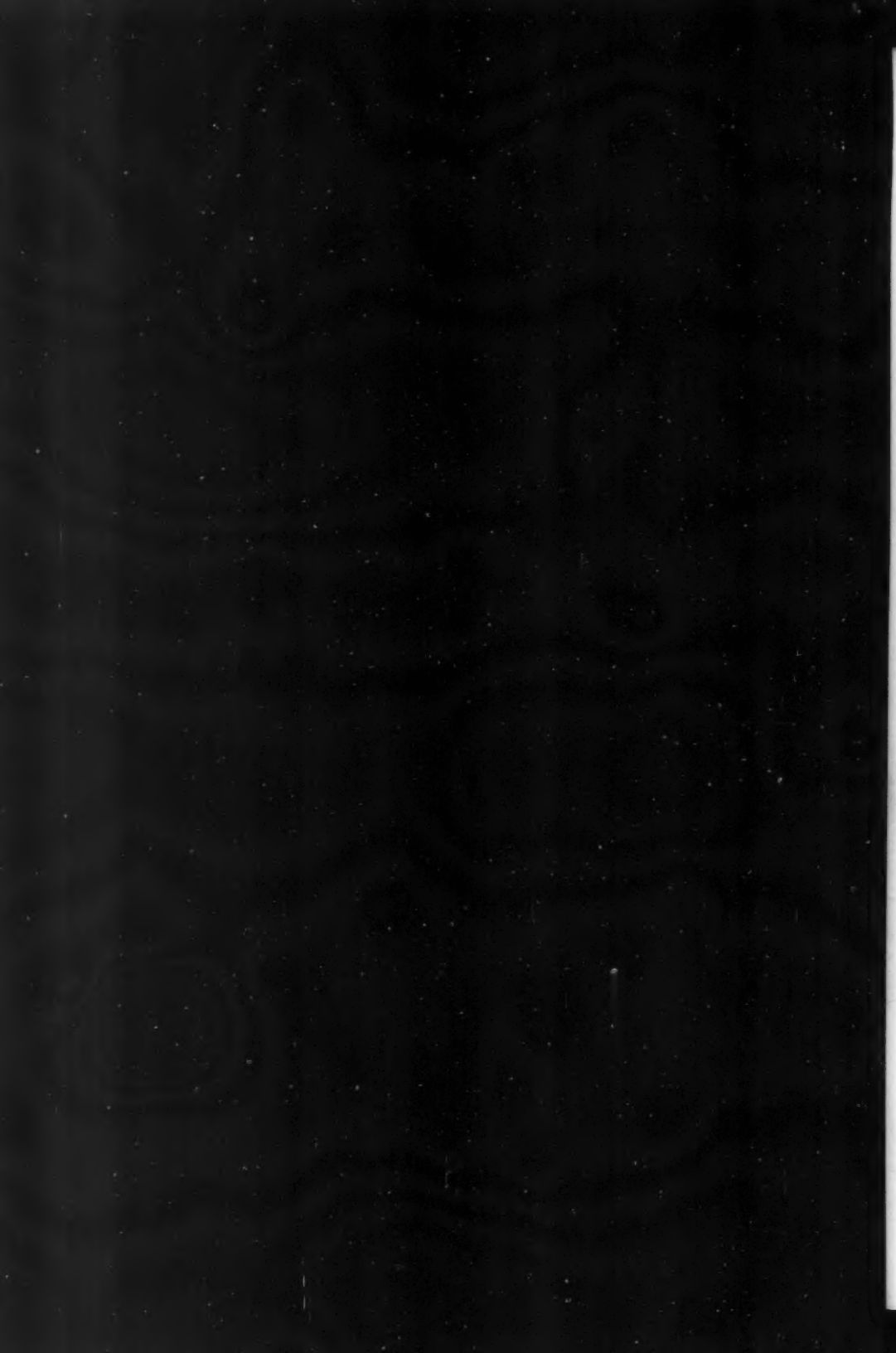
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THE MOONDIAL.

IRON and granite and rust,
In a crumbling garden old,
Where the roses are paler than dust
And the lilies are green with gold.

Under the racing moon,
Unconscious of war or crime,
In a strange and ghostly noon,
It marks the oblivion of time.

The shadow steals through its arc,
Still as a frosted breath,
Fitful gleaming and dark
As the cold frustration of death.

But where the shadow may fall,
Whether to hurry or stay,
It matters little at all
To those who come that way.

For this is the dial of them
That have forgotten the world,
No more through its mad day-dream
Of striving and reason hurled.

Their heart as a little child
Only remembers the worth
Of beauty and love and the wild
Dark peace of the elder earth.

It registers the morrows
Of lovers and winds and streams,
And the face of a thousand sorrows
At the postern gate of dreams.

When the first low laughter smote
Through Lilith, the mother of joy,
And died and revived in the throat
Of Helen, the harpstring of Troy,

And wandering on through the years
From the sobbing rain and the sea,
Caught sound of the world's grey tears,
Or sense of the sun's gold glee, —

Whenever the wild control
Burned out to a mortal kiss,
And the shuddering storm-swept soul
Climbed to its acme of bliss, —

The green-gold light of the dead
Stood still in purple space,
And a record blind and dread
Was graved on the dial's face.

And once every thousand years
Some youth, who loved so well
The gods had loosed him from fears
In a vision of blameless hell,

Has gone to the dial to read
Those signs in the outland tongue,
Written beyond the need
Of the simple and the young.

For immortal life, they say,
Were his who, loving so,
Could explain the writing away
As a legend written in snow.

But always his innocent eyes
Were frozen in to the stone ;
From that awful first surprise
His soul must return alone.

In the morning there he lay
Dead in the sun's warm gold ;
And no man knows to this day
What the dim moonchild told.

Athenæum.

BLISS CARMAN.

WANDERERS.

WE followed the path of years,
And walked for a while together
Through the hills of hope and the vale of
fears,

Sunned by laughter, and washed by tears,
In the best and the worst of weather,

Till we came to a gloomy wood,
Where our steps were forced asunder
By the twisted, tangled trees that stood,
Meeting above like a frowning hood,
With a world of darkness under.

And whenever by chance we met
In the woodland's open spaces,
We were bruised and tattered and soiled
and wet,

With much to pity — forgive — forget,
In our scarred and dusty faces.

Well ! — it was long ago,
And the leaves in the wood are falling,
As we wander wearily to and fro,
With many a change in our hearts I
know —

But still I can hear you calling.

A. E. J. LEGGE.

THE TAX-GATHERER.

"AND pray, who are you?"
Said the violet blue
To the bee, with surprise
At his wonderful size
In her eyeglass of dew.

"I, madam," quoth he,
"Am a publican bee,
Collecting the tax
On honey and wax ;
Have you nothing for me?"

JOHN B. TABB.

From The Scottish Review.

SANCTA SOPHIA, CONSTANTINOPLE.¹

THE Church of Sancta Sophia at Constantinople has been, and still remains at the present day, practically a sealed book to the archæologist and the student of architecture. While the great architectural monuments of the past in other parts of Europe are easily accessible for the purposes of practical study and analysis, it is only by stealth that one can examine the structure of this church and glean fresh information regarding the details of its construction and decoration. We therefore gladly welcome any work, like the volume now before us, that helps to increase our knowledge of this interesting building, which, ever since its erection more than thirteen hundred and fifty years ago, has been a source of wonder and delight to all beholders.

Once only did the opportunity for detailed investigation present itself; the occasion came about in the year 1847, when, owing to the dangerous state of the fabric, the Sultan Abdul Mesjid called in an Italian architect named Fossati to advise regarding its reparation. Under his superintendence the building was put into a thorough state of repair, and it is probably owing to the care with which this was carried through that it remains at the present day structurally sound. During the time the building was in the hands of the workmen, a German architect, Salzenburg, taking advantage of the presence of extensive scaffolding, made very careful plans of the building, and drawings of the details of its decoration. These were published by the Prussian government in the year 1854, and they form the principal records available for the purposes of study.²

Although these drawings give us a very clear idea of the building and its details, there are still many points the

why and the wherefore of which are wrapt in obscurity, and each fresh investigation helps to add to the sum of our knowledge on the whole subject.

Many descriptions of the church have been written from time to time, but the finest and most complete must always remain that embodied in the contemporary poem by Paul the Silentiary, which, as our authors suggest, was probably written in the church itself, and was, they think, recited during the ceremony of 24th December, 563, when the repairs and partial reconstruction, rendered necessary through the damage caused by an earthquake in the year 558, having been completed, the church was re-consecrated in the presence of the emperor and his court.

In the preface to their work our authors say:—

Our first object has been to attempt some disentanglement of the history of the church and an analysis of its design and construction; on the one hand, we have been led a step or two into the labyrinth of Constantinopolitan topography; on the other, we have thought that the great church offers the best point of view for the observation of the Byzantine theory of building.

They appear to have carefully gone over everything that has been written regarding the church, from the time of its erection by Justinian down to the present day, and we find brought together in the text, as an important part of the whole work, very careful translations of everything that can in any way help towards the elucidation of its history, or that is explanatory of its arrangement and construction. The methods of construction employed by the builders have also been minutely analyzed, and are discussed in considerable detail, and many new theories are put forward, alike regarding the internal arrangements of the building, the disposition of the decorative scheme, and the practical development of the craftsmanship.

The arrangement of the city at the time of Constantine, as far as it relates to the site and surroundings of the

¹ The Church of Sancta Sophia, Constantinople: A Study of Byzantine Building. By W. R. Lethaby and Harold Swainson. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1894.

² Fossati also published some drawings, and there exists, in the library of the Royal Institute of British Architects in London a number of plans by the French archæologist Texier, made in the year 1834.

church, is discussed in detail in Chapter I., and the form and disposition of the first church is also considered. When the emperor selected Byzantium as the site of the new capital of the Empire in the East, the old settlement established there in the seventh century B.C., by Greek colonists from Megara, had expanded into a considerable city adorned with colored porticoes, stately buildings, and sacred shrines. The new capital was enlarged and enriched by Constantine in the prevailing style of the period, and the buildings which he erected were largely based on the models of those he had left behind him in the old Rome. The topography of the city has been the subject of considerable speculation by numerous writers through many centuries and much of it is still wrapt in obscurity — many theories having been put forward only to be controverted and superseded. The Great Palace has been the special object of much discussion, and writers like Labarte, Paspates, and others, have devoted much time and ingenuity to the work of trying to unravel the intricacies of its plan and arrangement. These, however, need not detain us here. Mordtmann, a German doctor resident in Constantinople, has made the topography of the city his special study, and his spare time has been given over to careful research and investigation of the old sites. The results of his labors are embodied in a plan of the city published in 1872, on which many reliable identifications are set down. Our authors put forward a small plan of their own illustrating their views regarding the disposition of the Acropolis and its surroundings at the time of Constantine. We think the evidence which they adduce to show that the Augusteum and the Forum of Constantine were two separate and distinct places, bears out their contention that the former occupied the site to the south-west of the church, while the latter was a circular space round the porphyry column of Constantine — the burnt pillar — and that they were separated by the whole length of the *Mese*,

which they identify with the Porticoes of Severus mentioned by Zosimus.

The balance of evidence seems to show that the first church dedicated to the Holy Wisdom was founded by Constantine, although it was not finished during his reign. It is very probable that it occupied the site of an old temple. On this point our authors make the following remarks : —

There cannot be a doubt that the present S. Sophia occupies the site of the first church. A church once made holy by dedication and the reception of relics could not be transported. Indeed it is possible that it may occupy the site of one of the Greek temples, for there was a constant tendency to this supersession on one sacred site; and the present church stands on the very crest of the old Acropolis. If there were any sufficient reason to identify the site with that of the Altar of Pallas, the dedication of the church itself would evidently be one of the many instances of a transference of title from the old worship.

They also point out that the lines of the ancient Hippodrome and probably of other pre-Christian structures were set out axially with it.

They are inclined to the view that the entrance of the first church was at the east end, as was usually the case in early churches up till the fifth century, and they also suggest that the structure was of basilican form. There is every reason to suppose that they are right in both these contentions. A very ingenious theory is put forward to account for the curious plan of the present church. It is suggested that the church was of small size and that its apse was situated at about the same position as that now occupied by the western hemicycle of the present church; that after the Nika fire, when the church was about to be reconstructed — turning the apse towards the east as had become customary by that time — the lines of the old apse suggested the retention of the form at that end as well. The squareness of the plan is accounted for elsewhere as being the outcome of the practical exigencies of the site.

It is also suggested, with apparent

show of reason, that the circular brick building lying close to the north-east angle of the present church was the original baptistery of the first church, and a reference to the Silentiary's account of the present church is given to show that it was used as such, even after the new church had been in existence for over twenty-five years. The building, therefore, which is now known as the Baptistery, and which lies to the south of the church, must either have been built for or diverted to that purpose at a later time.

During the two centuries which intervened between the reigns of Constantine and Justinian, the Roman methods of building underwent considerable change. The constant recurrence of serious fires in the new capital had destroyed a number of the buildings which had been erected by Constantine. As these buildings were mostly constructed with beamed roofs and flat wooden ceilings they fell an easy prey to the flames. The first church of S. Sophia had been at least once seriously injured by fire before the Nika conflagration finally destroyed it.

Since the time of Constantine, artificers had been attracted to the city from all parts of the empire, and these brought with them the knowledge of the methods in vogue in their particular provinces. The influence of Eastern forms of construction gradually became apparent in the more general use of the arch and the vault. It was a time of experiment and progress both in construction and in the arrangement and form of the decorative features. There was no fixed tradition, the old decadent art of the Romans grafted on to a Greek stock and, plentifully nourished by ideas gathered from all parts of the empire, blossomed out into new life; the Greek intellect, ever eager after a new thing, absorbed all the Greek methods, and gradually evolved a type which it made peculiarly its own. Eventually the old stone lintel and beamed roof were entirely superseded by the arch and the vault, and the structures were crowned with

domes rising above the vaults and dominating the whole composition. The form of the plans adapted themselves to the new construction, as did also the arrangements of the decorative scheme. By the time Justinian came to the throne the new methods and forms had established themselves, and the burning of the Church of S. Sophia during the Nika riots furnished the opportunity which was wanting for erecting a large building on the new lines, which should eclipse everything that had gone before. The emperor took full advantage of the occasion which presented itself, to invite artificers and craftsmen of repute from the provinces to Constantinople — it is worthy of notice that the chief constructor, Anthemius, and his colleague, Isidorus, both came from Asia Minor — and neither skill nor money was wanting to make the new effort a success, new taxes being imposed to meet the gigantic expenditure.

Materials were brought from far and near, Egypt and Greece uniting with Asia Minor and the islands, each contiguous to the capital, in supplying their quota of marble for the columns and walls. For nearly six years the works went on with unabated energy, many difficulties were overcome, and many experiments were tried and found successful, and at length on 26th December, 537, the church was dedicated amidst the acclamations of the populace, and the emperor exclaimed in the fulness of his pride, "Glory be to God, who hath thought me worthy to accomplish so great a work. I have vanquished thee, O Solomon!"

The emperor's joy in his church was, however, destined to receive a rude shock some twenty years later, when the apse and part of the dome were thrown down by an earthquake; but the same energy which was shown in the building of the church again asserted itself. The damage was repaired, — the dome being heightened twenty feet to give it additional security, — and the church was re-consecrated on the 24th of December, 563, five and a half years after the disaster.

The Church of S. Sophia has never been surpassed in the unity and completeness of its design, and in the daring nature of its construction. In this building the arch and dome assert themselves and dominate everything, and we have a lightness, a spaciousness, and a grandeur that had never been reached in the finest of the basilicas, and has never been surpassed since. During all the centuries which have elapsed since its erection, it has maintained its supremacy as the masterpiece of Byzantine architecture and construction, and it fixed generally the type on which most of the later churches in the East were based, but it has never been surpassed by any of them.

Of the several descriptions of the church, that of Procopius, which is contained in his "History of the Edifices erected by Justinian," for the reason that it makes no mention of the earthquake of 558, is supposed by our authors to have been written previous to that catastrophe. It is a rather florid general description, largely laudatory of the emperor and much exaggerating his share in the work. Nothing very tangible is to be gleaned from it.

Three other contemporary descriptions are extant, viz., those of Paul the Silentiary, Agathias, and Evagrius. Agathias mentions that, when the earthquake occurred, Anthemius was dead, but his colleague, Isidorus, carried out the repairs. He alludes to an alteration which was made at the north and south main arches—this is discussed further on in the book—and he mentions that the curve of the dome was increased. Evagrius quotes a number of dimensions, but these our authors do not venture to discuss as they say that they appear to be so inaccurate. We find, however, on comparing them with the plan that at least two of them tally very nearly, while the others are capable of being explained.¹ We should say that the two hundred feet quoted as the total length is a mistake for three hundred feet.

¹ See our remarks further on regarding the extent of the bema.

The well-known poem of Paul the Silentiary is a panegyric in praise of the beauty and richness of the building, couched in most beautiful language. It is at the same time a really detailed description of the church of a most minute nature and of great accuracy. Our authors have embodied in their book a very careful translation of the parts actually descriptive of the building and its furnishings. They devote a special chapter to the third part which describes the magnificent ambo, the chief feature of the interior, and which was set up by Justinian during the repairs, the earlier one having been entirely destroyed by the falling in of the apse and part of the dome. They also give a plan of this, and in their general plan of the church, they have shown it in what they consider to have been its position in the interior of the structure. We do not doubt that their views as to the arrangement of this are, in the main, correct, since they are based on the very detailed description of the poet; and they have been guided in fixing its position immediately in front of the bema by the statements of an eighth-century patriarch of Constantinople and of Simeon of Salonika, with regard to the position of ambones. We quote their descriptive summary:—

The raised floor of the ambo was rounded on two sides, the other being open to the steps at the east and west. The breast wall on each side was largely covered with applied silver wrought into patterns; and the rest, together with the parapet slabs to the steps, were inlaid in ivory, probably carved like the contemporary bishop's throne at Ravenna. The body of the ambo, inlaid thus with ivory and silver, was upheld on eight columns, the underside of the floor stone being hollowed into a flat dome like the fluted soffit of the still older ambo at S. Apollinare at Ravenna. On either side, around the ambo, was a semi-circle of large columns of rosy-veined Synnada marble, on white bases, with bronze annulets and gilt capitals; between the columns breast-high slabs of Hierapolis marble inclosed a space. The circle of columns stood on a raised step, and above they were bound together by a

carved beam, the pattern being gilt with the interspaces painted in ultramarine. On this to east and west stood silver crosses; their upper limbs "bent like shepherds' crooks," doubtless formed the XP monogram. Silver candelabra, cones of diminishing circles, stood round about on the top of the beam. From the eastern steps a passage way ran back to the step of the iconostasis, inclosed on both sides by marble slabs grooved into posts, bearing a top rail. This closure of Verde-antique slabs was inlaid in white and red patterns and gold mosaic.

This magnificent ambo, together with the beautiful iconostasis and the other rich fittings of the interior, appears to have been pillaged and destroyed or removed by the bands of Western pirates who, under the name of Crusaders fighting for the Cross, pillaged and desecrated this most magnificent temple of Christendom. The treatment of the building by the Turkish conqueror, two hundred and fifty years later, shows up in marked contrast to that of this band of marauders from the West.

A translation is given of two descriptions of the ceremonies associated with the ambo at coronations. These, although of later date, are interesting as describing the nature of such functions in the age of the Palæologi.

We notice that, in the translations from the various Byzantine authors which are given in the text, a transcription of the actual names of the various artificers and of the different parts of the building and its details, is given in brackets in Roman lettering. The idea is most praiseworthy, but we think it would have been an additional advantage to have had the actual names in their Greek characters.

In Chapter V. the arrangements of the interior of the church are discussed at considerable length. We are told that Du Cange, in his commentary (1670) to the Silentiary's poem, was the first to make a serious attempt to elucidate the interior arrangements.

We are not at all disposed to accept as conclusively proved, as our authors seem to do, the suggestion

made by several more recent writers that the extent of the bema was confined to the eastern apse. We are rather inclined to favor the view of Du Cange that it embraced the whole eastern hemicycle, and that the screen followed the line of the great eastern arch. The position of the ambo under this arrangement would still have been in front of the screen, but further forward than shown on the plan, coming out under the great dome nearly to the centre. The Silentiary's description of its position would quite justify this theory. He says it stood "in the central space of the wide temple, yet tending rather towards the east," and the following description of the south aisle would also seem to confirm us in this theory: "On the south you will see a long aisle as on the north, yet made bigger. For a part is separated off from the nave by a wall; there the emperor takes his accustomed seat on the solemn festivals, and listens to the reading of the sacred books." This may either mean that the emperor's seat was in the nave or in the aisle, but in any case it places it opposite to the position which we have assigned to the ambo, whereas the ambo, as shown on the plan, is flanked by two of the great piers. He also classes together the apse and the exedras. "Towards the east unfold triple spaces of semi-circular form; and above, on an upright band of wall, soars aloft the fourth part of a sphere;" and he proceeds as follows: "The middle apse holds the stalls and steps ranged circle-wise," but no allusion is made to the position of the ciborium having been close to them. He says of the apse that it "is separated by a space between vertical walls." We presume we are right in assuming that the words "from the nave," inserted in brackets after "separated," have been put there by our translator. (We are unable at the moment of writing to refer to the original text).

Now, the position of the ciborium in the larger examples of the Basilican type of church, from which the plan of S. Sophia was a development, stood

out well clear of the apse, which, as here, contained the seats for the priests, and the ambones were situated right down almost in the middle of the length of the nave, one on each side, as, for example, in S. Clemente and S. Lorenzo at Rome. Another point to be borne in mind is the total number of clergy attached to the church—in Justinian's time there were over five hundred—and the large amount of space that would have been required for their accommodation. Of course a large proportion of these had no standing inside the bema, but even the priests alone would have uncomfortably crowded up the small apse, and, on the occasions of great ceremonials, additional clergy would have been gathered together from all parts. Our authors themselves instance that "on one occasion the number of priests was so great that the Church of S. Sophia, though it is the greatest of all on the earth, seemed then too small." The Russian Archbishop's account, written in 1200, says: "In the sanctuary are eighty candelabra of silver for use on feast days . . . besides numberless silver candelabra with many golden apples." These could hardly have been contained in the small apse; but perhaps sanctuary is intended to mean treasury.

We ought to bear in mind that in Justinian's time the iconostasis, as it was afterwards called, was not a rigidly closed screen but a range of pillars with spaces between, the lower parts of which were filled in with slabs, and the remainder of which was open; curtains were hung in these spaces in smaller churches, but here, where a large ciborium overshadowed and enclosed the altar, which stood clearly detached inside it, the curtains to conceal the sacred rites from the laity were hung round it. The Silentiary specially describes in great detail the curtains round the ciborium, but makes no mention of any on the screen. Hence any argument that might be brought forward about the Holy Table being overlooked from the galleries is of no moment.

Our authors themselves admit the narrowness of the space available for the screens when placed in their position in front of the small apse, and they very ingeniously get over it by assuming that the Silentiary's definition of the pillars as "six sets of twain" entitles them to suggest that the pillars were coupled behind one another. We admit the reasonableness of this suggestion, but do not ourselves think that the wording is anything more than a mere piece of poetic license. The twelve pillars, if spaced out regularly in one line across the wider space, would leave openings measuring less than eight feet between the pillars, not an extravagant width for each bay. The mass of decorative work on the screen would also have been better disposed on the greater width. We therefore contend that until further evidence is forthcoming—for instance, an examination of the pavement might reveal much—there is no reason to assume that the extent of the bema was confined to the single apse.

The uppermost row of stalls round the apse was plated with silver, as were also the columns and arches of the ciborium; and the Holy Table was plated with gold and decked with enamel. Our authors are probably right in conjecturing that much of the rich decorative work of the sanctuary was taken to Venice after the sack of 1203, and that some of the enamels, which form part of the Pala d'oro in the Church of S. Mark, came from here. The columns of the screen were also cased with silver, and it was enriched with figures of winged angels in pairs and representations of the Apostles. These must have been placed above the columns, either on the beam or in a deep frieze—it is usual to find pictorial representations of the Apostles on the upper parts of later screens—and probably the angels supported the candelabra which adorned the top. The description of this screen recalls to mind the disposition of the one at S. Mark's in Venice and of that in the great church at Torcello.

The Silentiary makes no special allusion to the Prothesis and Diakonikon as such, and, as there is considerable doubt whether these chapels became essential parts of the arrangement of a Byzantine church till after Justinian's time, there may not have been special places set apart for them in this church. The openings through the walls at either side of the apse may have been used for the passage of the clergy from the vestries behind.

We doubt much if the chambers attached to the outside of the east wall were more than mere retiring rooms for the priests, and places for storing the vestments, etc.

The Treasury of the Relics might probably have been a pillared shrine or enclosure situated in the centre of the chamber at the east end of the north aisle, in which case the relics would have been protected by metal doors fitting in between its pillars. Here also would presumably have been kept the Sacred Cross. A writer of the seventh century is quoted as saying: "In the northern part of the interior of the house (S. Sophia) is shown a very large and beautiful aumbry, where is kept a wooden chest in which is shut up that wooden Cross of Salvation on which our Saviour hung for the salvation of the world." The corresponding chamber on the south side may have been the Metatorion, in, or adjoining which, was the Holy Well. "The princes go out of the right side of the Bema and enter the Metatorion."

The square of rich Alexandrine work still existing in the pavement in the south-east quarter of the great square was probably the spot on which the emperor's throne stood. The Russian archbishop's description in 1200 says: "On the right near the sanctuary is a piece of red marble, on which they place a golden throne; on this throne the emperor is crowned. This place is surrounded by bronze closures to prevent people walking on it."

Attention is drawn to the series of small crosses cut in the great verde antico columns of the nave. It was very usual for the Byzantine builders

to mark their principal stones, especially when they had been transferred from pagan buildings, with crosses of consecration. On one small church in Athens, built out of materials from old temples, almost every stone is marked with a cross.

Our authors suggest that the two great water vessels, which stand in the exedras at the west end of the church, and which are generally supposed to have been put there by Sultan Murad III., are Byzantine, and they illustrate examples of others of a similar type, and of undoubted Byzantine origin. We think that they prove their contention.

Reference is made to the lavish use of hangings by the Byzantines for their doors and openings, and the nature of these is discussed, examples being quoted from illustrations on mosaics. It is pointed out that the doors entering the narthex and those between it and the church have all got bronze hooks for suspending these from, and attention is drawn to the fact that Turkish hangings are in use on them at the present day. It is suggested that veils were frequently hung on both the upper and lower arcades of the church, having been suspended from the iron bars which cross the arches at their springing in the manner indicated in the mosaic on Theodoric's palace. It is very probable that this was the case, at any rate in the upper tier. In fact an instance is quoted from the account of a traveller in the fourteenth century, who says that "the women in the galleries remained behind curtains of silk so that none might see their faces."

Chapter VI. is devoted to a description and discussion of the relics, treasure, and lighting of the church. The most precious relic of the church was the portion of the true cross sent from Jerusalem by Helena. It is supposed to have consisted of three pieces arranged as a long stem with a double traverse, and this is suggested as having been the origin of the form of the cross so often found represented in Byzantine iconography.

The exhaustive description of the relics given by the Archbishop of Novgorod, who visited the church three years before its sack by the Franks, is quoted at length and shows the quantity and richness of the treasure which was dispersed in 1203. His allusion to the practice of hanging the crowns of the emperors round the altar is most interesting. "Above the great altar in the middle is hung the crown of the Emperor Constantine, set with precious stones and pearls. Below it is a golden cross, which overhangs a golden dove. The crowns of the other emperors are hung round the ciborium, which is entirely made of silver and gold. From the same ciborium hang thirty smaller crowns, as a remembrance to Christians of the pieces of money of Judas." He goes on to say: "Behind the altar of the larger sanctuary is a gold cross, higher than two men, set with precious stones and pearls. There hangs before it another gold cross a cubit and a half long, with three gold lamps, which hang from as many gold arms (the fourth is now lost). These lamps, the arms or branches, and the cross, were made by the Emperor Justinian who built S. Sophia."

The arrangement of the lighting of the church is discussed in considerable detail. The Silentiary gives a beautiful account of the various methods employed, and his description is, as our authors say, one of the most fascinating parts of the whole poem. A great circle was suspended with chains in the central space under the dome, from this hung flat circular discs of silver pierced with holes into which were inserted small glass lamps, these discs alternated with metal crosses also holding lamps, inside their outer rim was a large corona of other lamps and above it a large central disc. We find similar coronas to-day in some of the churches at Mount Athos, and many of us are familiar with the examples in the Rhenish churches, which were no doubt based on Byzantine models. Along the sides of the church and in the aisles and galleries were rows of lamps in the form of silver bowls, ships, etc.

On the top of the iconostasis was a row of candelabra having circles of light diminishing upwards round the stem, and in the centre was a huge cross studded with lights. Similar candelabra encircled the ambo. In the sanctuary were suspended single lamps which burned continually. Illustrations are given of various types of pierced lamp discs of the Byzantine era, and of types of standard candlesticks. We find these latter in general use in the East to-day, almost identical in form with those made in the sixth century, and the grouping of small lamps in lines or circles or hung singly is still the usual method of lighting employed in the churches at the present time.

Chapter VII. goes into the later history and legends. Allusion is made to the addition of a belfry at the west end about the year 865. This was built to hold the bells sent by the doge of Venice to the Emperor Michael. The Greeks did not use bells but wood or metal plates hung on chains or cords and struck like a gong. Reference is made also to repairs undertaken at various times and especially at the end of the tenth century, when an earthquake caused the "hemisphere with the western arch to fall."

Under the later Byzantine emperors the church never recovered its former splendor. They, however, kept it in repair and gradually got together a fresh collection of treasures, and they restored the ciborium, the iconostasis, and the ambo, but not in such magnificent form as before. In 1346 another earthquake threw down about one third of the roof. This was speedily rebuilt.

After the Turkish conquest the church was again divested of much of its treasure, but otherwise did not suffer great harm. The outside appearance was however much changed by the addition of minarets and by the alteration of its surroundings.

Our authors translate and examine the description of the church by the writer known as "The Anonymous of Combeffs." This they assign to the

twelfth century. Of it they say: "We believe him to be entirely unreliable where he speaks of the former state of the church. He simply gathers the legends which had grown up, because facts were forgotten, and enumerates the relics." They also gather together the remarks set down by various travellers, and the numerous legends which had clustered round the church and were quoted from time to time.

Chapter VIII. refers to the repairs executed in 1847, but it is mainly occupied by a paraphrase of the description of the church given in Salzenburg's great work. We question whether it was worth while after all to reproduce this here as it is very difficult to follow, even by those acquainted with the technicalities, and it is hopeless to make anything out of it without having the illustrations of the work at hand to refer to. Salzenburg's book stands by itself, plates and text, and we can only think that our authors have included the translation of his text in their work so as to complete their series of English renderings of the various authors who have written about the building.

In Chapter IX. the ancient precincts and external parts of the church are discussed. Reference is made to the Great Palace, the Hippodrome, the Augusteum, the Milion, etc., and their arrangement and form in Justinian's time is touched upon. It might have been better had this discussion followed on in Chapter I., after that of the earlier topography, but our authors have doubtless put it here as leading up to their description of the approaches and outlying parts of the church.

Immediately to the west of the church was the atrium or cloister. This was oblong and considerable portions of it were in existence as late as 1873. Now only the west side remains—the present exonarthex. It had been suggested by Fossati and others that the four great buttress piers rising above this side and from which arches stretched across the farther wall, had carried the four bronze horses now in front of the church of St. Mark at Ven-

ice. Our authors scout this idea and point out that the horses are much too small for the position; besides, they bring forward evidence to show that at one time there were ten buttresses along this wall. It is also pointed out that some parts of the exterior must have been lined with marble, and it is mentioned that some of the marble plating was seen by Salzenburg.

It is suggested that the Court of the Atrium was paved with marble, and in the centre stood the fountain; four streams were figured in marble as flowing away from the centre, one towards each side—symbolical of the four rivers of paradise—and these gave their names to the four walks of the cloister. The probable nature and form of the fountain is discussed in some detail, but on this we need not enter. The main approach to the church was from the south side, where stood the Augusteum and the palace. On this side also stood the great pillar erected by Justinian and bearing a statue of the emperor on horseback. The arrangement and position of the courts and buildings immediately to the south of the church and adjoining it, are so problematical that we need hardly discuss them here.

The remaining three chapters of the book are given up to the technical side of the subject, the discussion of the structural methods, their origins, development and application in the building, the nature and use of the material and the form and arrangement of the decorative detail.

Our authors have a good deal to say on the question of the growth of the Byzantine architecture. We quote the following:—

Byzantine architecture was developed by the use of brick in the frankest and fullest manner, especially in domical vaulting. Wide spans were kept in equipoise by other smaller domes. The more concentrated supports were marble monoliths, and the wall and vault surfaces were covered by incrustations of marble slabs and glass mosaic. Directness, and an economy of labor relative to the results obtained, is perhaps the most essential characteristic

of the art both in construction and decoration in the great period.

The building up of the dome from the square plan through pendentives was one of the finest of the Byzantine developments, and they follow this up through early examples to its complete perfection as seen in S. Sophia. They dwell on Choisy's enquiry into the methods of workmanship and how he points out the difference between the Roman and the Byzantine systems; that under the Romans the workman was compulsorily enrolled in associations under State control, while with the Byzantine Greeks he had more individuality, and was recognized more as an intelligent power, and had his own independent trade guilds. "These associations had a council composed exclusively of those who, by apprenticeship and trial, had earned the title of masters."

The original form of the church and the details of the alterations made, under Justinian, after the earthquake, are gone into, and our authors bring forward a new theory regarding certain alterations to the filling in of the great north and south arches. They point out that these great arches of seventy-two feet span are as wide as the great piers, viz., fifteen feet eight inches, but that "the semi-circles of wall, each of which contains twelve windows, are now filled in beneath these arches, flush with their *inner faces*, and the arches therefore do not show to the interior through the decoration;" and they go on to say:—

Now Agathias says that at the restoration, after the earthquake in 558, at the north and south arches they brought towards the inside "the portion of the building which was on the curve." This, we think, must refer to the filling wall in the arches of 72 feet span, which we suppose was formerly on the exterior, and thus left an upper gallery 12 feet wide and 72 feet long open to the interior. "And they made the arches wider to be in harmony with the others, thus making the equilateral symmetry more perfect. They thus reduced the vast space and formed an oblique design." That is, the arches of

72 feet, when filled up on the inside, were no longer visible, and the dome appeared to stand over arches of 100 feet span on north and south, as already on east and west, the transverse dimensions of the church being lessened between these points by some 24 feet.

They give plans and sections to prove their case, and argue it out with great clearness, pointing out, for instance, that throughout the building, in every other place but this one, the curtain walls are flush with the exterior. They bring forward S. Sophia, Salonika, as an example in their favor, for there the soffits of the arches show in the interior. Choisy, who thought that this building was erected after the Constantinople church, says that here the error was remedied; but our authors quote a recent reading of the inscription on the mosaic there, which shows that the church was erected in 495. We think that the evidence brought forward and the arguments adduced show clearly that this alteration was made as our authors suggest, and that it was not an improvement on the original design. Their theory as to the reason for the change is also a very probable one, viz., that some weakness in the supports of the inner order in the aisles made it essential that, as far as possible, the weight should be transferred forward to the main pillars and arches.

The general structural system is carefully examined, how the dome and semi-domes are sustained, and how the thrusts are resisted or distributed. The forms of the arches are noted and considered, and the methods of the vaulting are discussed and compared with Choisy's explanations. They differ from him on essential points in connection with the setting out of the vaults, and we think that they are right in their contentions, but the points are so very technical that we cannot go into them here. They, however, agree with Choisy in his statement that the chief consideration of the Byzantine builders in the construction of their vaults was to avoid wooden centering, but here again they suggest a simpler

method of arriving at the line of the construction than that put forward by him.

The methods of dome construction are also entered into, and a description is given of the system in use in the East, whereby domes are built without any centering, like the vaults. The question of how far any centering was used for the great dome is also touched on, and it is suggested that it was dispensed with to a great extent, but that for closing in the opening at the top a light centering, resting on the part already built, was used.

With the exception of the marble monoliths with their capitals and bases, the structure of S. Sophia was a huge brick carcase or shell into which were inserted, after the building had had time to settle down, the marble jambs and lintels of the doors and windows, and to which were applied the thin marble linings of the walls and the mosaic work of the domes and vaults.

Our authors endeavor to identify each variety of marble used in the building and to fix its provenance. They are inclined to the opinion that the great monolith shafts of Egyptian porphyry and green Thessalian marble, used for the main pillars, were specially quarried for this work, and not brought from older buildings, as some writers have asserted. The quarries of Marmora, which are still worked, supplied the bulk of the white marble for the capitals, bases, floors, etc., and for much of the wall lining, while the richer varieties formed panels and bands. They point out that : —

All the wall-plating is arranged with delightful variety as to size, and in the alternate placing of light against dark, so that there is no rigidity or over-accurate "setting out."

Further on they say : —

In regard to the wall-plating, we wish specially to point out the extremely easy way in which it is applied, without thought of disguise. The slabs, of great size, are placed vertically, entirely the reverse of solid construction ; moreover, the slabs of the finer panels are opened out side by side, so that the veinings appear in sym-

metrical patterns. At the angles the lap shows in the most open way ; while it is mitred where restored.

A most interesting dissertation is given on the development of Byzantine marble masonry, and the evolution of the new form of capital : —

Having the Corinthian and Ionic capitals before their eyes, and without forgetting or rejecting them, the Byzantine builders invented and developed an entirely fresh set of capitals, fitted in the most perfect way for arched brick construction.

In the shaping of the capital the round of the column was gradually merged into the square of the impost of the arch, and the carving enriches the surface only, while preserving the form. These forms are divided by our authors into four main types, which they discuss in detail. They are of opinion that Constantinople was the great centre for the manufacture of sculptured marble masonry for the whole Roman world, and that from there carved capitals, slabs, etc., were exported far and wide. They think that all the fine work at Ravenna and other places was sent direct from the capital ready to be fixed in position. They base their contention mainly on the fact that identical forms are to be found in places so widely apart. They believe that it can be proved that the marble used is mainly Proconnesian. Even if this were so it does not necessarily follow that more than the rough blocks were exported. We should like still to be allowed to think that, while Constantinople was the great centre from which trained craftsmen were sent abroad far and wide, the sculptures of the buildings themselves were to a large extent executed on the spot by the craftsmen who worked on the construction of the buildings ; that, as Choisy says in the passage quoted by our authors in another place : "In Byzantine buildings, the same name occurs in turn upon columns, capitals, or simply squared blocks of stone, and there is nothing to show that the foreman of the works kept one man at one particular kind of work."

The large use made of bronze both in construction and decoration is remarked on, — the bronze bands round the pillars, the casings to the doorways, and the linings of the doors themselves. Drawings and descriptions are given of the decorative treatment of these bronze doors. The outer doors of the south porch are specially discussed, and a corrected version is given of the inscriptions on the panels, which had been incorrectly quoted by Salzenburg. The arrangement of this inscription in the form of monograms is very ingenious, and it is interesting to note that these were deeply engraved into the metal plates and filled in with silver.

The form and manner of the mosaic work is described, and the economical way in which the material was used is commented on, an observation of Boni's being quoted to show how, in the domes, the maximum of effect was gained with the minimum of material. The decorative arrangement and the iconographic scheme is discussed; space, however, does not permit of our entering into this subject. It is concluded, we think with reason, that none of the figure work belongs to the period previous to the iconoclastic controversy. The Silentiary does not describe it, and he certainly would have done so had it existed. We quote the following: —

We believe the original scheme of decoration is best accounted for without figures, and even if this were not so, we can hardly believe that in the Patriarchal church, at the door of the palace, figures would have lasted through the reigns of the iconoclastic emperors and patriarchs, as they may well have done in remoter churches where the clergy were on the other side.

A section is devoted to the elucidation of the ciphers or monograms which are carved on the bosses of the capitals. It is shown very clearly that the bulk of these represent, in pairs, the words "IOVCTINIANOV, BACIAEWC," and "ΘEOΔΩPAC, AVTOVTAC."

The work concludes with a reference to a slab in the paving of the south

gallery, which bears the name of the blind doge of Venice, "Henricus Dandolo."

Although we have gone carefully through the whole book in considerable detail, we have been unable to touch on great portions of the wealth of most interesting and valuable information which has been brought together in such a comprehensive form at the expense of so much labor and research. The collecting and transcribing into English of all that has been written regarding the great church will alone make the work of extreme value as a book of reference for students; while the part devoted to the structural methods, and the theories brought forward regarding them, having been written by practical architects well qualified to deal with the intricacies of a great building, will always command the attention of those interested in the subject.

We could have wished, perhaps, that the translations of the ancient writers had been more complete — although the essential parts in each case have been given to us — and that each had been kept entirely separate and distinct, with a commentary on the whole following after with the description and discussion of the church; but our authors have thought otherwise, and we must respect their judgment.

We must, however, draw attention to the want of a proper list of the works referred to in the text. This would have enhanced the usefulness of the book, and would also have done away with the necessity for many of the footnote references. Another omission is that of a list and index of the cuts in the text, of which not even references to the pages at which they are to be found scattered throughout the book are given when they are alluded to from time to time. A few more drawings of various parts of the building might also have helped to make many of the descriptions appear clearer. These, however, are points that could be amended in a second edition.

We cannot conclude without express-

ing our sense of the loss which architectural archæology has sustained through the death, in Egypt, of Mr. Swainson, shortly after the publication of this book, while he was on a mission of further investigation on similar lines. A capable scholar as well as a trained architect, he combined in himself the two principal qualifications necessary for an enlightened study of the monuments of the past, and the good work he had already done gave promise of much future work of extreme interest and excellence.

ROBT. WEIR SCHULTZ.

From Chambers' Journal.
A DEPARTURE FROM TRADITION.
A STORY OF THE YEAR '95.
BY ROSALINE MASSON.

CHAPTER I.

"My good fellow," I said, a trifle patronizingly, "a man wants something more nowadays than a mere doll—a plaything. He expects his wife to be his companion."

"I am sure I have heard that before," said George reflectively. "It has a familiar ring. Is it from 'Hamlet,' by any chance?"

"His intellectual equal," I went on unheedingly.

"Oh, come now, old chap, draw it mild. Your *fiancée* mayn't be anything special, but she is no idiot!"

"Capable of sharing his —"

"She'll probably take it all, my boy, and allow you a pound a week—on account."

"And any one who knows Edith," I went on, leaning forward and taking my pipe out of my mouth as I warmed to my subject, "knows that she —"

"Oh, good heavens! yes; and so does any one who knows you! Has it all by heart."

I resumed my pipe with dignity, and leaned back.

George Seton was my oldest friend; and as such was licensed. I had been engaged for two months, and I dare say I had talked to him a good deal about Edith during that period; but I

was going to be married to her to-morrow. I wouldn't quarrel with old George this last night.

"George," I said presently, "you'll have to come and stay with us occasionally."

"Yes, poor old chap," he said feelingly. "Just send me a wire any time you are in a difficulty."

I glared at him. "I don't anticipate being in any difficulty," I said stiffly, getting up and knocking the ashes out of my pipe.

"Ah well," said George, "before six months are over, you will probably remember my words, and fly to my faithful friendship as to a —"

But I never heard his simile, for I left the room.

Six months! It was, as it turned out, barely two and a half! But George is a gentleman and a good fellow; he never reminded me.

Next day, George was "best man." He saw us off at the station, and handed a bundle of papers and magazines in at the carriage window (as if we were going to read papers and magazines!); and the last I saw of my old friend was his tall, lithe figure on the platform, where he stood waving an ironical adieu. As the train moved slowly out of the station, I turned to my wife, who was busy getting the rice out of the lace of her dress.

"I like Mr. Seton," she said.

"He is a trifle cynical," I remarked.

"Clever young men usually are," replied Edith.

"I am not, dear," I said reproachfully.

"You dear goose, who ever supposed you were?" she answered.

We went up the Rhine, and across Switzerland into Italy; and we came back by Paris. I couldn't speak any of their outlandish lingos; but my wife was rather a good hand at them all.

"I didn't know they taught you modern stuff at Newnham," I said to her once. "I thought it was all dead languages."

"Oh, I've always known French," she said carelessly.

"And German?"

"Ah well, German is absolutely necessary if you are to go at all into the modern school of philosophy, or if you want to keep in touch with science."

"Oh!" I said.

"And of course Italian comes very easy to any one who knows Latin."

"Very," I replied.

During the week we spent in Florence, my wife quoted enough of Browning to have filled two sides of the *Pink 'un*. I learned to be very sharp about it, after one or two awkward slips. You see, Browning doesn't seem to be like any ordinary poet, where you can tell that it is poetry because it couldn't possibly be prose. Sometimes the things that Edith said sounded so natural that I answered them, and that made me feel foolish. I didn't like Florence.

We came home at the beginning of October, and I made up my mind to read French and German a good deal, and—other things. That is the good of marrying a girl who isn't just merely pretty; she keeps you up. And Edith was pretty; but it was rather a severe type.

"I wonder if you are a good housekeeper, dear," I said fondly, as we got into the train at Dover.

"Oh, I *hate* housekeeping," she answered.

"What will you do, then?—have a housekeeper?"

"Well, I have a plan of that sort. But I'll tell you all about it very soon."

And she did.

It was in a quiet corner of the park, down by the Serpentine, the day before we left London, that Edith propounded her scheme to me. She had on a very smart new frock that I hadn't seen before, and something pink in her bonnet, and her little nose was tilted up into the air, and her grey eyes were surveying the world with an air of calm and judicial consideration which was habitual to them.

"Harry," she said to me presently, "we go home to-morrow."

I said something foolish.

"And I have been thinking," she

went on, "that it would be better to begin as we mean to continue."

I assented.

"Now, dear, you are not clever."

"And you are."

"Oh, not really!—no. But compared with you, I am, of course."

"But my dear girl, I have been to Oxford, and I——"

"But my dear boy, I have been to Cambridge, and I——"

"Oh yes, you took your degree, and I never did. But you hadn't the calls upon your time that I had. A man can't read if he—well, if he does other things, you know. That is why a girl goes to college; I've heard you say so. She couldn't read at home."

"Precisely so. Now, I want to continue reading."

I looked down at my placid and calm little helpmate, and a chilly horror came over me. "Decidedly, Edith!" I said, with forced heartiness. "We have an excellent library at Oakhurst."

"It wasn't space, it was time I thought of claiming."

"Yes?" I queried vaguely.

There was a pause.

"Shall we sit down on this seat?" she asked.

"Certainly."

We sat down, and my wife unfurled a pale green silk parasol, and then she unfolded her plan.

"You see, Harry, you aren't clever," she said in even, unimpassioned tones.

"You are a dear, good, manly, chivalrous boy—that is why I liked you. I am so tired of the young man with brains who hails us as brothers. You have some of the old feeling about women left; it is such a rest."

"I——"

"Don't interrupt. Now, you have absolutely nothing to do. You have no profession—no pursuits. I mean, no serious pursuits. I don't count hunting and billiards. Now I am translating the '*Allegorie Homeri*' of Heraclides; and I am getting up political economy, so as to be able to take an intelligent interest in the questions of the day; and I contribute the articles on social and religious reform

to the *Monthly Investigator*; and I am bringing out some critical essays on the 'Correlation of Inconceivables in Transcendental Apperception;' and, when they have gone to press, I have it in my mind to take up a subject that has long had a curious fascination for me: 'The Ontogenesis of the Ego, considered in Relation to the Evolution of the Indeterminate.' Now all this takes time."

"It must indeed," I answered faintly.

"I was sure you would own that, Harry! Now it seems to me that, looking at it from a perfectly unprejudiced point of view, given two people setting up housekeeping—one easy-natured, idle, but very sensible about practical matters; the other intellectual, nervous, overstrained, and pressed for time—there is but one conclusion."

"Good Lord! Edith. What are you driving at?"

My wife shut up her parasol. "You must do the housekeeping, Harry," she said decidedly.

"I do the housekeeping! What the dickens do you mean?"

"That is the second time you have sworn, dear."

"I beg your pardon. But—see the cook, and that sort of thing?" I looked at her anxiously.

"Why not?" she asked coldly.

"But—it's generally the wife who does all that!"

"It is generally the wife who has nothing else to do."

Well, I argued for some time, for I felt my fate was trembling on the balance; but Edith was very firm, and I knew from the first it was a foregone conclusion; so at last I made a virtue of a necessity, and said I would try it for a month or two, and see how I got on. My wife was very pleased when I consented, and was charming to me all the way home; but I'm afraid I didn't respond; I was sulky. I couldn't help looking at all the other men I passed, and wondering if any of them did the housekeeping.

Since the death of my mother, four years previous to my marriage, I had

not been very much at Oakhurst. An old housekeeper—a former nurse of the family—was in charge, and she and my groom managed very nicely for me when I was alone, or, as was frequently the case, had George Seton with me. When I had a larger party, at Christmas or in autumn, my married sister, Mrs. Jack Preston, used to come and act hostess for me, and bring her servants. She was a very managing little person, and it was she who had seen to pensioning off my old housekeeper and engaging the proper staff for Edith and me. I could not help wondering, during those first few days, what Polly would think of Edith's and my arrangement, for Polly would no more have thought of allowing Captain Jack to interfere in her domestic management than—ah well!—I wouldn't have cared for sister Poll as a wife.

The first evening at home Edith and I didn't say much to one another about the housekeeping. It hung over us like a cloud, and made our conversation a little strained. While we dined, I cast furtive glances at the servants with an interest they would never, under ordinary circumstances, have inspired me with. Our establishment was small. I am not a rich man, though I have enough to live on comfortably. A sleek youth waited at dinner, and a very smart maid. I loathed the former, and feared the latter. I discovered next day that besides this there was a blunt-featured, strong-armed housemaid, and a stout and awe-inspiring cook, with an attendant satellite whom it appeared the cook took charge of, and with whom I was not expected to interfere.

My trials began next morning. I stood about aimlessly after breakfast, warming myself, and scanning the newspaper. My wife had another copy of the same newspaper, and she sat reading it with exasperating quiet. Presently the smart maid came in, and, going up to my wife, said in a soft murmur: "The cook bade me ask you, ma'am——"

"My husband attends to all that!" said my wife, slightly waving her hand

in my direction, but not looking up from her paper.

The maid stared for a moment, dumb-founded. She made a step towards me, but thought better of it, and fled. Presently the sleek youth came in. I imagined he was smiling.

"William!" I said to him sharply—it was the first name I could think of—"let Charles know at the stables that I shall want my horse round at once."

"Yessir!" and he vanished.

Still my wife never moved. My heart began to beat. I had never known it do such a thing before. I am not a nervous man—I am a bit of an athlete, and am used to feeling myself, even in men's society, muscularly superior; but the dentist's waiting-room in our tender childhood was as nothing to this.

My wife got up. "I am now going to my study, dear," she said sweetly. "I must ask you to see that I am not interrupted till luncheon." At the door she turned and gave me one look.

I got up and walked right across the hall and down the passage and into the kitchen, and found myself standing face to face with the cook before I had given myself time to think. The cook wasn't the worst—she suggested all the dinner, and looked at me in a pitying, patronizing kind of way. But she *would* tell me a long yarn about the saucepans being all burnt, and she took me into a place behind the kitchen and insisted on my looking at them for myself. There we surprised the attendant satellite, who was doing something horrid with her fingers and a greasy dish that had held bacon. She gave an hysterical giggle, and received a stern reprimand from the cook in consequence. This upset me so that I dropped my eyeglass into a saucepan I was peering into.

I took down a list of all the things the cook wanted, and promised to telegraph to London for them. I told her there was a man there who got my cigars and everything for me, and he would see to it; but still I left her looking unsatisfied.

But the cook was not all. The housemaid waylaid me in the passage. She wanted to know about the thorough-cleaning, and if James (so his name wasn't William) was to blacken the boots. I said that certainly James was to blacken the boots; he seemed an idle fellow; and I told her I strongly objected to the process of thorough-cleaning, and would never sanction it. She might get up in the night if she liked, and "thorough-clean;" but the rooms were always to present their normal aspect during the day. Then I tried to escape; but the smart tablemaid was waiting for me at the front door. She wanted to know about "Sundays out," and if James was to carry up her coals for her. I told her that I was sure James would carry anything she wanted, and that she must settle about her Sundays herself; I never interfered with people's religious observances. She was the only one who looked pleased.

Then I seized my hat and crop and bolted. Charles, my own old groom, was leading Silver. He put two fingers up to his ruddy locks, and then suddenly he guffawed. So he had heard too. I rode off at an evil pace, and took to the open as soon as possible.

I was rather proud of my little dinner that evening. The curry was excellent—it was cook's idea, but there was no need to tell Edith that. But some sort of pudding came up instead of a fruit tart. I remembered ordering a fruit tart—at least cook had suggested it, and I had thanked her. I was a little put out by the pudding; it was taking a liberty to alter my orders. After dinner I was still more put out. I was naturally aggrieved that my wife said nothing in praise of the repast; a man likes to be praised when he has taken trouble about the dinner. And then, while we were having our coffee, I rang and told James to put the whiskey and soda into the library at ten, and he stood grinning in the doorway like that dog in the Psalms, and observed: "Yessir, please, sir, the missis said, sir——" And then looked at my wife.

Edith glanced hastily up and had the grace to get a little pink and confused.

"Oh Harry, yes! I said—I thought you wouldn't mind—you see—the library—my papers! I told them to put the tray in here."

"Put the tray in here, James," I said, withering him with my eye.

When we were alone, my wife apologized, and I said it did not matter this once, but I could not maintain any authority with the servants if she interfered in my department. I would as soon think of writing her articles on religious and social reform for the *Monthly Investigator*.

Edith was very contrite, and my sense of unanswerable rectitude lasted me until I faced the cook next morning, and, with the first glance, remembered with a shock that I had utterly forgotten to telegraph for her utensils.

I think I apologized too much; it is bad policy. I lost my power over the cook from that day—the second day.

CHAPTER II.

I SHALL never forget the graphic descriptive power my cook betrayed when she told me about the black beetles. The very simplicity of her language and the directness of her thought made me feel as if the horrid things were crawling slowly up my back. I am not interested in zoology, and I flew out and consulted Charles, the groom, who prides himself on his veterinary arts. I don't know what was done. I thought it safer not to ask. Then, no sooner did the beetles sink into oblivion, than it appeared that the kitchen swarmed with mice, and that a particularly powerful-looking one had sent the kitchen-maid into hysterics. I again consulted Charles, and he suggested a cat; so, when I was passing through the village, I told the postmistress that I would give any child a shilling who would bring me a fine, healthy kitten. The following day was Saturday, and there was a meet at Sir Patrick Christie's. The weather was perfect, and we found almost immediately, and had a glorious run. On the way home,

spattered and weary and hungry, I suddenly nearly jumped out of my saddle, and an emphatic expression rose to my lips. I had completely forgotten to order the dinner!

All the way back I was hot and cold with misery and anxiety. What might not have happened in my absence? Had that stout cook been kind, and risen to the occasion? Or had she—horrors!—sent up to my wife? Or had she simply taken no steps whatever, and should we sit down to flowers and salt and dinner-rolls?

When I got home I slunk into the back premises, avoiding the half-opened drawing-room door. I found James in the pantry cleaning knives and whistling—happy dog! I would rather it had been one of the maids; but I was desperate.

"James," I whispered, "what has cook done, do you know?"

James grinned. "She's eggsiting herself, sir."

"Yes, yes, I dare say! But she has managed somehow, I suppose?"

"She says, sir, she ain't a-going to give 'em nothink, not if they starves, sir!"

I squared my shoulders. "You need not repeat what cook allowed herself to remark in the privacy of the kitchen," I told him sternly. "Has she actually cooked no food?"

James stared at me. "Well, sir, we could 'ardly expect 'er for to *cook* anythink, sir, under the circumstances, sir; but Mary—she's a tender-'earted gal, Mary—she *did* make bold to ask a drop o' milk."

"Milk!" I ejaculated.

"Yessir. Mary said, sir, says she, being so young, sir, says she, and none o' their fault, it go to 'er 'eart for to 'ear 'em squeak."

"Enough of this, James!" I cried angrily. "This is not the way to speak of your mistress and myself. I will see cook."

"I don't rightly understand you, sir, axin' your pardon, but I warn't speaking of the missus and you, sir. But I wouldn't go a-near cook, sir, not if I was you—no, I wouldn't! She says

you've done it o' purpose to plague 'er. She's in a orful way along of them cats," he added confidentially.

"Cats? What cats?"

"Why, sir, *that's* what I've been a-telling you of. I thought as you was axin'."

"What cats?" I repeated, a growing disquiet creeping over me.

"Why, the cats as you sent in from the village, sir! Twenty-one 'as arrived, and they be still coming, all sizes. Ten tabbies, sir, nothink to speak of; two whites, sir, which I 'ear is generally deaf; five black as soot, sir; two sandy, and one tortoise-shell as is wuth keeping. Cook's eggsited."

The dinner paled by comparison. Beetles, mice, cats! It was as bad as the plagues of Egypt. I went up and tubbed and changed. The dinner was excellent, and I gave orders that every child should be sent for, and given another shilling to claim and take away its own animal. The whole transaction cost me two pounds nine. In the long-run I fancy it must have cost me considerably more, for the kitten we retained, though it was of a very tender age, regaled itself on beef and mutton, several roast ducks, bottled beer, ham and eggs, cold game, fresh butter, Stilton cheese, crystallized ginger, green tea, and cognac. Besides being so unblushingly omnivorous, it broke a good deal of crockery, a Venetian glass decanter, and a piece of valuable Sèvres; and it was also guilty of denting the silver urn by falling heavily against it.

The next plague that visited me was the monthly bills at the beginning of November. The cook had managed the orders to the tradespeople, and now they all sent in little account-books. I added up the totals on a bit of blotting-paper after I had made out the cheques. Then I multiplied that by twelve, and added what my horse and man cost me, and what my tailor cost me, and double what my tailor cost me for what my wife's dress would probably come to when her *trousseau* was worn out; and then I put down the servants' wages, and a good round sum for a holiday,

and then I added it all up. It came to exactly a hundred pounds more than my annual income. I halved my wife's dress allowance, and was just going to add it all up again, when a host of other expenses crowded in on my memory—cabs, my club, theatre tickets, doctor's bill. I felt so depressed that Edith noticed my wan looks.

"I—I'm not sleeping very well, dear," I said. This was perfectly true; I had so much to think of at night.

"Dear me!" she cried, opening her grey eyes. "Neither am I! I have been working too hard, I think. We must both have a change soon."

Alas, poor girl! She was all unconscious that ruin stared us in the face. I gazed at her sorrowfully. She was *not* looking well—dark rings encircled her eyes, and she was pale and thin.

"You are overworking yourself," I said with sudden conviction.

She laughed nervously. "Well, perhaps I am," she owned.

That night a fork dropped from my nerveless hand, and fell with a clang. Edith started and screamed.

"Your nerves are overwrought," I told her.

Half an hour later, she dropped her coffee spoon into the fender. I bounded off my chair.

"Why, *yow* have nerves too, Harry!" she exclaimed. "Are you smoking too much?"

We had in the local man to see us both, and he spoke to me seriously about letting Edith work so hard.

"She is a delicate, highly strung organism," he said sternly; "and I warn you that if we don't take care, we shall have her on our hands with a nervous fever. She tells me she works six hours a day. That must be put a stop to at once. I shall prescribe a tonic; but she must have complete rest."

I felt very dispirited. The medical man evidently blamed me, and I was too weak and crushed to complain.

My wife obeyed the doctor for some days; but the result was disastrous to me. She went about the house and

noticed things. She had a way of touching furniture and books with her handkerchief, and of course the dust came off. Then she sighed and looked at me. I took no notice. It was most interfering.

It was about this time that my cook gave me warning. I ran up-stairs and told Edith.

"You'll have to get another," she said calmly.

I felt sick and faint.

"And I think you had better dismiss Jane the housemaid too," she went on. "The house is getting very dirty."

"I fancy you had better leave that to me, my dear," I remarked with some asperity. "And may I ask you how you come to know that the housemaid's name is Jane?"

About a week after this, Lady Christie sent a note to say that she heard we were looking for a cook, and that hers was leaving her, and that she could send her to be interviewed. Lady Christie wrote to my wife; people cling to these old-fashioned prejudices, and seem to think that it must necessarily be the lady of the house who looks after domestic matters.

That evening the cook came. My wife remained in the room, at my request, and busied herself with a newspaper. The woman brought her umbrella in with her, and stood in the middle of the floor.

"Oh—ah! Good-evening!" I said.

"Good-evening, sir."

"Won't you take a seat?" I asked, wheeling forward an armchair.

My wife rustled a newspaper.

The woman preferred to stand, so I stood too—first on one foot and then on the other—for I couldn't think what the dickens I should say to her next.

Suddenly I had a brilliant inspiration. "Do you wear pink cotton dresses in the morning?" I asked.

"Henry!" my wife exclaimed, looking over the top of her newspaper.

"Er—er—can you cook a steak without letting the gravy run out?" I hastily went on.

The woman seemed to think she could.

"Well, I think you will suit," I told her.

"Wages, reason of leaving, age, church, length of character, parentage," prompted a voice from behind the newspaper.

The woman said she did not think the situation would suit her, and she went away.

My wife was curiously put out, and audibly wondered what Lady Christie would think. I made up my mind to have a list of questions written out before I interviewed another, and to take down the answers in writing.

Next day the housemaid gave warning. I was terribly upset. I could scarcely eat a crumb all day, and I lay awake from two until ten. My wife noticed my pallid visage when I came down to breakfast. I had somehow run short of coals, and we had no fires in the house that day, and nothing could be cooked. We neither of us had much appetite, so it didn't really matter. Also Mary was ill, I was told; and Jane waited on us. Her boots creaked; and, in the state Edith's and my nerves were in, we could not stand that. I wrote for coals, and sent James for the doctor, and then I went to my smoking-room and sat looking at the cigar ends lying in among yesterday's ashes in the fender; and thought over the position. Perhaps it was the cigar ends, or perhaps the odor of stale smoke, or perhaps it was the intervention of my good angel, but suddenly George Seton came into my mind, and hope entered my heart.

I found my wife walking up and down the library to keep warm. The dust had gathered on her books and papers since she had been idle.

"Edith," I said, "I find I shall have to run up to town this afternoon to see about servants."

"Very well," she replied listlessly.

Then I walked to the station and wired to George: "In a difficulty. Dine with me at the club to-night."

It wasn't till after the train had fairly started that I remembered I had wired

the identical words George had used to me the night before my marriage. Ah, well ! How strangely things come round !

George dined with me at the club. We had a cosy little dinner ; it was quite like old times. Afterwards, we lit our pipes. It was difficult to tell George all about it—he would laugh. He laughed till I thought he would choke, and then he asked me to let him think it over, and he would breakfast with me next morning at my hotel, and give me the results of his reflections. George has a good strong chin ; and, though he is not a married man, it is not always married men who understand women the best. In fact, I sometimes fancy that men who understand women the best remain unmarried. Anyway, after I had put my brief into George's hands, I somehow felt a great weight off my mind.

I returned home in the course of the morning.

"Have you found servants?" was my wife's first question.

"No," I replied ; "I have not."

"Then what are you going to do, Harry ? You really must bestir yourself ! It is only a fortnight now till they leave, and several people are asked to dine here on the 27th, and I'm sure ——" Edith had grown a trifle irritable in these days. It was a good sign.

"My dear," I said to her, "I am not going to engage servants. I find that they are completely old-fashioned, and that we are behind the time in submitting to this obsolete custom. Now, whatever else people may say of us, they cannot say that we are behind the time, or that obsolete customs find consideration at our hands."

"No," my wife agreed. Did I detect a tinge of regret in her tone ?

"I find that in London most up-to-date people live on the co-operative system. We can't manage this, living, as we do, in the country. Our houses are not adapted for modern ideas. There is a kitchen, several pantries—a whole suite of rooms dedicated to the service of pampered menials, who eat

our bread and take our money, and whose slaves we are."

Edith looked impressed. I felt I had done well—it was almost word for word what George had jotted down for me.

"And so," I went on, gaining courage and dignity, "I intend adopting another expedient, which many of my friends have had recourse to with infinite success. I am going to dismiss all our servants, and employ lady-helps."

"Oh !" said my wife.

"I—I have seen one or two already," I went on, blushing at the fib, for I am a truthful man.

My wife mistook my faltering tones.

"What were they like ?" she asked.

"They were simply charming."

"Oh ! But would they—do the work ?"

"Ah, well," I replied evasively, "one leaves that to them, you know."

"How do they dress ?"

"I am not good at describing dress," I replied, "but I think they wear—well, the sort of thing you have got on."

"Nonsense, Harry !" said my wife sharply ; and, looking at her, I became aware she had on some sort of morning robe, with a profusion of lace and ribbons.

"Would they—dine with us ?"

"Edith," I said, with an assumption of sternness, "if you for a moment suppose that I should permit any gently nurtured lady to feel herself slighted in this house, or to be shown even the negative discourtesy implied by ——"

"Don't be silly !—how can a woman cook the dinner and eat it at one and the same time ?"

"A clever woman is capable of anything. I am told it is wonderful how these lady-helps adapt themselves—how they get through their arduous domestic tasks, and yet appear always at leisure. The household matters move on oiled wheels, and one is never made aware of any haste or disquiet. It is a wonderful gift that some women have. The lady I saw seemed very well read, by the way. She told me

she was a Browningite. I thought it would be so companionable for you, dear. But she was very interested in cookery too, so I shan't be left quite out in the cold."

My wife's grey eyes opened to their extreme limit. She played with her rings nervously. "How many would you employ?" she asked presently.

"About six," I said, at random.

My wife got up from the table and stood by me on the hearthrug. "We—we should have no—no—time to ourselves," she murmured, in a quivering voice.

"Neither do we under the old yoke of servants."

"Six lady-helps! Wouldn't they—wouldn't they rather wonder that I didn't—I mean—they might think that I ought—"

"So do the servants," I said grimly.

There was a long pause, then I got up. "I will telegraph to them all to-day," I said, with a business-like promptness.

My wife flung herself into my arms. "Harry!" she sobbed, "Harry, Harry dear! I couldn't b—b—bear it! Give me the keys!"

When George Seton came to stay with us at Christmas, ours was the most charming house in all England, and my wife the best housekeeper in the world.

From Temple Bar.

THE FUTURE EMPEROR-KING.

WITHIN twenty-four hours of the death of the Crown Prince Rudolf there were rumors in Vienna that pressure was being brought to bear on the Archduke Karl Ludwig to induce him to renounce his right of succession to the Austro-Hungarian throne. And before a week had passed it was announced, with every appearance of authority, that he had consented to stand aside and allow his son to take his place. In Ultramontane circles, however, men shrugged their shoulders when they heard the news, and said the wish was the father to the thought.

The Archduchess Maria Theresa would take good care, they maintained, that her husband never surrendered an iota of his rights. Time has proved that they had reason for their faith; for, although it is now six years since the crown prince died, the Act of Renunciation is still unsigned.

The Archduke Karl Ludwig is as one born out of due season; he came into the world some hundreds of years too late. In mediæval days he might have done good service as a sovereign; at the present time no greater disaster threatens Austria than his accession to her throne. Yet he has many of the qualities nations most value in their rulers. He is emphatically an honest, upright, straightforward man; there is not a touch of opportunism in his nature—it would be better perhaps for his future subjects if there were. His intellectual power is considerable; he is a clear and logical thinker, and his judgment, if narrow, is acute and discriminating. He has a certain force of character, too, of the kind, though, more often found among martyrs than among leaders. He would mount a scaffold without flinching for a principle—or a tradition—and would sooner yield a crown than a dogma. He is profoundly religious—religious as men used to be in far back days, with a faith as blind and unreasoning as that of the veriest Abraham. The voice of the Church is to him as the voice of God; at its command he would plunge a nation into civil war without a scruple, or lead the most hopeless of crusades. He has never a doubt but that Austria will wear sackcloth and ashes yet for having thrown in her lot with heretics. With all his fanaticism and intolerance, however, the archduke is by nature both kindly and generous. Habsburg of Habsburgs though he be, he has inherited from his mother, a Bavarian princess, keen sympathy with suffering and a passionate desire to humanize the lives of the poor. His charity knows neither bound nor limit; whoever stands in need of a helping hand in Vienna turns to him instinctively.

For the last four-and-thirty years the Archduke Karl Ludwig has held himself completely aloof from public affairs. He is known to be bitterly opposed to the policy pursued by the imperial ministers during this time ; for, in his eyes, constitutionalism, religious freedom, and secular education are all as the accursed thing. He is firmly convinced that the emperor, by granting a constitution, committed an irreparable blunder, and by allowing the power of the Church to be curbed, was guilty of something akin to sacrilege. In the early days of the reform period he was a veritable Cassandra. Religious toleration would lead to atheism, he declared, and parliamentarianism to anarchy. If Austria were to be saved, it would be, not by adopting new-fangled ways, but by clinging to the traditions of the past. The emperor and his ministers, however, turned a deaf ear to his warnings ; whereupon he resigned all his offices and retired into private life. He would have no dealings with a government embarking on courses fraught with danger, as he believed, to the best interests of the empire.

In those days the archduke was a very unimportant personage, for his elder brother, Maximilian, and the Crown Prince Rudolf were both alive. When it was known, therefore, that he had shaken the dust of democratic Vienna from off his feet, people were amused rather than troubled. It was the old Habsburg spirit, they said, and they thanked the gods that their emperor took after his mother, not his father.

Karl Ludwig was born at Schönbrunn, in 1833. His father, the Archduke Franz Karl, who thought much more of orthodoxy than of science, handed him over in very early days to the care of the Jesuits. Now the Jesuits, admirable teachers as they are in some respects, are hardly the men to have the training of a prince who may one day rule an empire. It was unwholesome, to say the least of it, for an imaginative boy to hear the past always exalted, the present always con-

demned, and to be taught that all that smacks of progress tends to damnation. The archduke passed the most impressionable years of his life in the atmosphere of a mediæval monastery, and he bears the traces of it even to-day. Then came the '48 Revolution, which, viewed from his standpoint, was not an episode calculated to give him a high opinion of the century in which his lot is cast. He shared the Emperor Ferdinand's flight from Vienna, a most unedifying experience for a boy of fifteen, and, during the months that followed, witnessed some very unheroic proceedings. It must have shocked his sense of what is seemly to know that members of his family were carrying on intrigues with rebels, and doing their best to induce the rival nationalities in the empire to fly at each others' throats. He was soon back at his lessons again, however, for when Franz Josef was proclaimed emperor, the Archduke Franz Karl promptly took leave of the court and carried off with him his younger children. He had no fancy for witnessing the instalment of constitutionalism in the Hofburg, for he had the most tender consideration for the feelings of the dead Habsburgs, who, he was sure, would not approve of a descendant of theirs holding parley with democracy. Besides, now that he had offered up his eldest son to the nation as a solemn sacrifice — this is the view he took of the arrangement by which Franz Josef received his crown — he felt he must guard the other three more carefully than ever from demoralizing modern influences.

It was a fortunate day for Karl Ludwig when Count Heinrich Bombelles was appointed his guardian, for the count, who was a man of the world, speedily brought about a much needed change in his surroundings. Under his influence, the prince soon began to throw off some of the monkish prejudices with which he was imbued, and to discover that this latter-day world, with all its faults, is by no means an unpleasant place to live in. In 1853 he was sent to Galicia as a sort of unofficial viceroy, that he might have an

opportunity of learning something of the science of ruling. He made such good use of his time while there, that, at the end of two years, the emperor was able to appoint him to the governorship of Tyrol.

At that time the archduke was two-and-twenty, full of life and vigor, and he threw himself into the duties of his position with an energy that spread consternation among the somewhat sleepy officials by whom he was surrounded. He was in Tyrol to rule, and rule he did, and on the whole wisely and well. He worked indefatigably, performing all the functions of his office with the most scrupulous exactitude, even to wading through the dullest of reports. Every petition presented to him was considered, and at once, for he holds strongly that just grievances are things to be redressed, not scheduled. He insisted on seeing things with his own eyes, and he travelled about through the whole province learning to know the people and their ways. Wherever he went he impressed those whom he met with his intelligence, kindness, and general alertness. He was a handsome young man then, with singularly charming manners, and he soon became immensely popular among the Tyrolese. To this day they speak of him as "Unser Erzherzog," and it is a favorite saying of theirs when anything goes wrong in the province: "If Karl Ludwig were here that would never have happened."

When in 1856 the archduke brought his bride home to Tyrol, he was welcomed by the whole population with an enthusiasm which excited no little astonishment in Vienna, where his appointment as governor had been viewed with apprehension, chiefly because he was known to be his father's favorite son. The archduchess was little more than a child, but from the first her influence over her husband, who was passionately attached to her, was unbounded and most beneficial. She was the daughter of King John of Saxony, and had inherited many of the qualities which had won for her father

his title of the Good. "She was just a sunbeam," the Tyrolese say, and she certainly seems to have had a singularly bright, happy nature. She had intelligence, too, of a high order, and — what was of supreme importance with such a husband as hers — a plentiful supply of sturdy common sense. Before she had been many weeks in his home, the archduke had freed himself completely from the superstitious gloom his early training had engendered, and was as frankly and openly happy as the veriest pagan. And well he might be, for in those days his lines were cast in pleasant places. As viceroy of Tyrol he was in an ideal position for a man of his temperament. His success as a ruler was acknowledged even by those who were most inclined to regard him with mistrust, and his popularity in the province was so great as to be both a source of pleasure to the emperor and a subject of congratulation to his government. He had work in which he delighted; was surrounded by congenial friends; and, above all, he had a wife whom he worshipped by his side. He was well with the whole world, in fact, and the whole world was well with him, for he bore his good fortune so gracefully, was so full of sympathy and help for those to whom the gods scant their gifts, that even the envious could not find it in their hearts to grudge him his luck. His spiritual advisers, it is true, looked on him askance, for they were by no means too well pleased at the independence of thought he was developing. Mental vigor is apt to lead to a throwing off of trammels, and they were not blind to the fact that their old pupil no longer turned to them when in search of advice. If the life he was then leading had but continued, the archduke would not be to-day what he is. But just when things were at the brightest, all was changed.

The people of Monza tell how, one September day in 1858, they saw their viceroy enter the palace, laughing and talking with those around him, *la joie de vivre* in person. Within a week they saw him again, and he had the

face of a haggard old man. The castle flag was flying half-mast high, for the Archduchess Margarethe was dead. She died after a few hours' illness, in the eighteenth year of her age.

Karl Ludwig's grief was terrible. For the time being he was distraught, and had to be taken by force from the room in which his wife's dead body was lying. His friends hurried him away from Tyrol, in the hope that in fresh surroundings he might the more easily recover from the blow he had received. He went to Rome, where all that was known of him was that he passed his days shut up with monks. Before long, however, there were rumors afloat that he was going to retire into a monastery, and there is little doubt but that he would have done so at once, on his wife's death, if it had not been for the influence of the emperor. As it was, for some months the matter hung in the balance, and meanwhile he made no effort whatever to take up the threads of his life in the world again. If the Italian war had not come when it did, he would probably now be a monk. But he is not the man to desert his country when the enemy is at the gate.

As soon as it was known that war was imminent, the archduke hastened back to Tyrol, where the people rallied around him with enthusiasm. They were sorely troubled, however, at the change that had come over their young viceroy. Not only was he careworn and sorrow-bound, but he seemed to have lost all touch with life. It was noticed, too, that wherever he went there was always a priest within hail. Evidently the Church had turned his misfortune to its own account. Altered as he was in other respects, he had lost none of his energy, and he at once set to work determinedly to organize the defences of the province. He is no soldier; it was the military experts on his staff who drew up the plans for the defence, but it was he who watched over the carrying out of them to the minutest detail. He worked night and day; wherever there was anything to be done he was to the

fore, encouraging the soldiers with kindly words, and exhorting the people to stand firm by the emperor and by each other. All classes responded loyally to his appeal, more through personal devotion to him than for any love of the empire.

The result of the war was a terrible blow to Karl Ludwig, a blow, too, for which he was quite unprepared, for he had never doubted but that ultimately Austria would triumph. He was fiercely opposed to the signing of the Treaty of Villafranca. It would be better for Austria to fight the battle out to the bitter end and perish, he held, than surrender Lombardy, her chief glory. It was only traitors, he was convinced, who could counsel the emperor to make peace upon such terms. Before long he had other grievances against the imperial ministers, for they were bent on rendering the government of the country constitutional in fact as well as in name. He bitterly resented their drawing up schemes for limiting the power of the emperor, just as if a Habsburg were not to be trusted to do his best for his own people. Then the battle for religious toleration was raging, and the archduke was on the one side and the government on the other. On every point, indeed, he was at variance with his brother's ministers, and not with them alone, but with the majority of his nation. He had not yet recovered from the shock of his wife's death, a fact that predisposed him to take an exaggerated view of the dangers to which Austria was undoubtedly exposed at that time; and it seemed to him that his countrymen were marching in a bee-line for ruin. He would gladly have laid down his life to save them, but they would have none of his help, and scoffed at his warnings. With such an untoward generation there was nothing to be done, he felt; therefore, on July 11th, 1861, he resigned his viceroyalty and withdrew to Graz, where he lived in retirement, shunning all intercourse with his fellows.

The next year the archduke mar-

ried; not that he had any desire for a second wife, but then as now there was a scarcity of heirs in Vienna. The Archduke Maximilian was childless; his younger brother Victor has always stoutly refused to marry, and the emperor had only one son. He had little to do, however, either with the choosing or the wooing; he merely accepted, and none too gratefully, the bride his family provided for him. Nevertheless the marriage proved a fairly happy one. The new archduchess, Annunciata of Naples, was a sensible, good-natured woman, who adapted herself with admirable tact to her difficult position. She set to work quietly and unobtrusively to rouse her husband from the state of despondency into which he had fallen. This was no easy matter, for the archduke's troubles and anxieties had told upon him physically, as well as mentally. As time passed, however, he recovered his early vigor; children came to brighten his home, and at length, though in a somewhat half-hearted fashion, he seemed to wake up to the fact that there were still things worth living for in the world, even though Margarethe was in her grave, and Austria was following after false gods. His love of science revived, and he began to take an interest in the intellectual movements of the day.

It was well he recovered his hold on life when he did, for Fortune had fresh strokes in store for him. Probably the result of the war with Prussia and Italy did not take him altogether by surprise, keenly as he deplored it. From his point of view, the Austrians must mend their ways before they could hope to conquer. Those cries of "Hoch Maximilian," however, cut him to the quick. It was an intolerable thought that a Habsburg, his own brother to boot, should be suspected of treason, and accused of encouraging intrigues against his sovereign. That ghastly scene on Cerro de las Campanas, when Maximilian paid for his Mexican crown with his life, was for Karl Ludwig only one degree more tragic than that drive from Schönbrunn to Vienna, when the

very air was alive with sedition. Strangely enough, the disaster of '66 and '67, instead of plunging him back into his old gloom, aroused him to new life and energy. He is devotedly attached to the emperor, strongly as he disapproves of some of his acts, and, in his keen desire to help him in the misfortunes that had befallen him, he seemed to forget that he had griefs and grievances of his own. Perhaps he learnt then for the first time how heavy a burden it is that the emperor has to bear, and was seized with compunction for having left him so long to bear it alone. Be this as it may, he began to take his place again in ceremonies of state, and to pass more of his time in Vienna. He could not stand apart from his own people now that evil days were come.

Not that he was reconciled to the new state of things in the capital; on the contrary, he was as firmly convinced as ever that the whole paraphernalia of constitutionalism was an abomination; and he held that, for the government of St. Stephen's sacred empire to be in the hands of Count Beust, a heretic, was an outrage to heaven. Still, by this time he had succeeded in realizing clearly that nothing he could say or do would alter by one whit the policy Austria was pursuing; and to have continued to indulge in vain protests would have been undignified, even if it had not been disloyal. As the emperor's brother he could not oppose the measures of the emperor's chosen ministers; if he lived in Vienna he must either speak well of them, or ignore them. Speak well of them he could not, and would not; he therefore decided to ignore them, to hold himself completely aloof, in fact, from everything that concerns the government of his country. He soon made those around him understand that the sayings and doings of ministers, Reichsrath debates, and kindred subjects must never be mentioned in his presence; and that all who entered the Archducal Palace must leave their politics behind them.

There was great distress in Austria

at this time. The whole nation was plunged in poverty ; and on every side there were men, women, and children on the verge of starvation. Here was work for the archduke to do, work of the very kind he could do, and he threw himself into it with a will. Before long he was at the head of every important philanthropic undertaking in the empire. He is the possessor of great wealth inherited from the Italian branch of his family ; and he distributes it among the needy with a generous hand. Nor is it only money that he gives. Every appeal to him for help receives his personal consideration ; and he devotes endless time and thought to devising schemes for the prevention of pauperism as well as for its relief. He is always on the alert, too, to give a helping hand to those who to beg are ashamed ; and he seems to know instinctively when and how to give it. Stories without number are told in Vienna of how, in cases of temporary distress, the archduke has suddenly appeared upon the scene ; and, by some delicately offered gift, or a loan perhaps, has warded off ruin. He is a staunch supporter of all movements for improving the condition of the working classes ; for providing them with better houses and cheaper food ; and for bringing technical training within their reach. Exhibitions of all sorts and kinds are under his particular protection. Artists, authors, and scientists, especially such as have still their way to make in the world, find in him not only a liberal patron but a warm friend. He takes the most lively interest in their work, he praises, blames, and criticises with delicate tact and nice discrimination ; and is equally ready to hail success and sympathize with failure. As the Viennese came to know the archduke, their old prejudice against him speedily vanished ; for they are the last people in the world to cherish ill-feeling against one who devotes himself to their service, and is willing to work not only for them, but with them. In a very short time he became socially a great power in the land, while remaining politically a nonentity.

In 1871 the Archduchess Annunciata died, to the sincere regret of her husband, to whom she had been a devoted friend and true helpmate. Two years later, to the astonishment both of the world and his own family, Karl Ludwig announced his intention of marrying again. This time he had found a bride for himself, and a very charming one too. No princess in Europe is so essentially "alive," in the Matthew Arnold meaning of the term, as the present archduchess. She is a daughter of Don Miguel, the Portuguese Pretender, and was only seventeen at the time of her marriage. She is exceedingly beautiful, brilliantly clever, and has most winning manners—an odd combination of royal stateliness and almost childlike simplicity. She is bright and witty, too, with a rare talent for repartee. She has not a touch of the Empress Elizabeth's love of solitude or shrinking from the public gaze ; indeed, she seems never so happy as when she has a vast crowd around her. Her openly expressed delight in pageants and ceremonies—whether court balls, Prater Fahrts or Corpus Christi processions, it matters not, for her taste is catholic—won for her at once the hearty sympathy of the Viennese ; and before she had been a month in the capital she was more popular than any member of the imperial family, with the single exception of the emperor.

In the early days of her married life, the Archduchess Maria Theresa is said to have found the atmosphere of Vienna somewhat stifling ; she resented being tied hand and foot by the traditions of dead and gone Habsburgs. It was at this time that she used to work off her superfluous energy by those rides that made the hair of her court ladies stand on end. According to Count Vasili, she once rode from Reichenau, to Guns and back, a distance of between two and three hundred kilometres, without stopping. Mere physical excitement, however, did not content her for long. She is a woman of keen intelligence and wide sympathy, and she soon began to in-

terest herself in her husband's social and philanthropic work. Then, as the Hofburg was not at all to her taste, she determined to organize a court of her own. She has a perfect genius for entertaining; whatever were her rank in life she would have her *salon*, though she held it in a kitchen; and under her rule the Archducal Palace soon became renowned for its splendid hospitality. For years now it has been the centre of the life and gaiety of the capital, the meeting place of all who are distinguished whether by rank or genius. The Austrians, especially the Viennese, are a splendor-loving race; and they would idolize the archduchess if it were for nothing but the royal state in which she lives among them. She is their ideal of what a sovereign should be, their own sovereign above all; and they openly mourn over the fact that she cannot change places with the empress. It is a favorite theory of theirs that, if Maria Theresa ruled in the Hofburg, Vienna would at once cast off its gloom, and be as it used to be, the gayest capital in Europe. Then trade would revive, they are sure; and the good old days when men lived in peace with each other would come back again. Many of those who regard with scant favor the prospect of Karl Ludwig's being their emperor, would gladly hail his wife as empress.

If the archduchess had her will, there is little doubt but that years ago she would have tried to turn her great social popularity to account politically. She is ambitious, of course — was there ever a Braganza who was not? — and she would give the ends of her fingers to play a dominant rôle in the empire. For the time being, however, the emperor stands in her path. He shares Prince Bismarck's abhorrence "of petticoated politicians;" and if rumor may be relied upon, has had more than one sharp passage of arms on the subject with his sister-in-law. Karl Ludwig would dislike as much as the emperor his wife's meddling in politics; but that is of no great importance, as he would never dream of opposing seriously anything she chose

to do. It is a sacred dogma with him that all she does is well done. His devotion to her is unbounded; whatever she wishes, he wishes; and he always ends, sooner or later, by approving of what she approves. It was the knowledge of this fact that made those who know the archduchess smile when, six years ago, all Europe was declaring that the archduke was eager to yield place to his son.

It is many a long year now since Karl Ludwig resigned his viceroyalty. Since then Austria has again and again been convulsed with excitement; crisis has followed crisis with unparalleled rapidity; and each Reichsrath in its turn has witnessed fierce struggles. Measures on which the honor, nay the very existence, of the empire depend, have been debated; and every subject on which men feel deeply has come to the fore. And he has looked on in silence the while. Even when the battle around Prince Alois Liechtenstein's Education Bill was at its height, though "the Church in danger" was the watchword, and the pope himself was in the lists, the archduke never uttered a word for the one side or for the other. It is only by a certain set look on his face, when he is playing the host to Prussians, that those around him know how sorely it goes against the grain with him to see the conquerors of his country its allies. In times of political excitement there is something almost uncanny about him; about his calm indifference to all that is passing around him. He seems so completely apart from those among whom he lives; it is as if there were a great gulf between them and him. None the less, he is in Austria decidedly popular. The Ultramontanes, Feudalists, and reactionists of all kinds look upon him as their own special champion; and even the democrats have for him personally a warm feeling of regard. Oddly enough the populace are immensely proud of his grand seigneur bearing. The only grievance they have against him is that he has too many priests around him. In Hungary, the general feeling with regard to the arch-

duke is much less friendly than in the other divisions of the empire; for the Liberal Magyars have no sympathy whatever with the antediluvian. During the Civil Marriage crisis, many bitter things were said of him in Budapesth; and, without a shadow of proof, it was taken for granted that he was trying to influence the emperor against the bill.

So long as the Crown Prince Rudolf was alive, the Archduke Karl Ludwig's personal characteristics were of little importance so far as the world was concerned. No one was inclined to quarrel with him then for his silent warfare against the *Zeitgeist*. If he chose to judge of men and things from the standpoint of a Jesuit father—to dream of the pope as again a great temporal power; to count on the coming of the day when kings and emperors should rule once more as the patriarchs of old—why, he was free to do so. There was no reason even why he should not, if he wished, show in his own peculiar inscrutable fashion how much higher value he personally placed on Moscovite friendship than on Prussian. So long as he was a mere archduke, and nothing more, no one cared much either what he did, or what he thought. But now that he is heir to the imperial crown, it is otherwise. Austria to-day needs a strong hand and a cool head at her helm, for she is face to face with some terribly difficult problems. The struggle for political power between the few on the one hand and the many on the other, is just beginning. Class is arrayed against class more determinedly than ever before; and the strife between labor and capital is more ruthless. Socialism is spreading like wildfire in the land; and the people are indulging in dreams at once beautiful and unrealizable. The nationality question, too, is exciting men's minds; and Czechs, Germans, Magyars, Poles, and Roumanians are all to the fore with their rival interests, rival aspirations and grievances. The whole empire, in fact, is in a state of unrest; and what the end thereof will be depends in a great measure on its emperor. In

Austria, it must be remembered, the sovereign does not merely reign, he rules. It is to him, not to his ministers, the nation turns when difficulties arise. The present emperor, Franz Josef, is in close touch with his people; he holds the balance even between race and race, class and class, creed and creed; and all goes well. But how would it be should Karl Ludwig one day ascend the throne? Would even Austrians, much less Magyars, tolerate for long the rule of a man who thinks more of Habsburg traditions than of Reichsrath decrees; and who appeals for counsel to the Vatican?

The Archduchess Maria Theresa did an ill day's work for Austria, for herself, too, perhaps, when she induced her husband to refuse to renounce his right of succession.

EDITH SELLERS.

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE MEN OF THE HILLS.

THE Vale of the Upper Tweed is distinct from the neighboring dales of Clyde and Annan, and no less from the rich strath into which the Border river enters in its maturer course, in a way which may seem strange to one superficially aware of their proximity. You pass almost at a bound from the fat lands of Dumfries, or the wooded holms of Melrose, to a country of miniature and yet greater beauties. There you have wide vistas and broad streams; here we have vistas, waters, hills, woods, an epitome of landscape, small in the acreage of the surveyor, but large by that curious measurement which is the prerogative of the mind of man. It is indubitably a country of surprises, a dapper arrangement of landscapes which charm by their contrast. The cotter's garden, gay with all seasons' flowers, runs into the heather; reapers ply their trade within hearing of the thrush and the curlew; a meadow of hay is own neighbor to a grim pine forest; and a sullen stream in one field may be an eddying torrent in the next. The art of the epigram-

matist would be expended in vain in searching for the applicable word. One might call it austere, but for the grace of the woods ; barren, but for the fresh green meadows and fruitful gardens ; homely, were it not for some great blue shoulder of hill which bars the sky and gives solemnity to the little ridges. It is a country of contradiction, blended into harmony by that subtle Border charm which relates the crags of Moffatdale to the lowlands of Berwick.

The people of this Arcady are in certain ways akin to their countryside. They, too, are full of surprises. Harshness and gentleness, worldly prudence and the most insane recklessness, humor and a crass stupidity, unite in varying degrees in their composition. In these narrow valleys tragedy and comedy dwell side by side in a confusion as grotesque as any Wonderland, and to the seeing eye there are plays enough acted every day of the year. To the casual traveller there is incongruity, to the man who has long known them there is none ; for he feels each whimsicality of character to be the artistic companion of the variant landscape.

Celtic and Saxon meet here, but Saxon has the predominance. Apart from such far-away histories there is one near and living fact of their genealogy. Their forefathers were those gallant gentlemen or disreputable ruffians (call them what you please) who played fine havoc with well-stocked Northumbrian pastures ; who, and here is the sad part of the tale, so far forgot themselves as now and then to plunder their Scots brethren. Days and nights of riding, when a false step may be death, make a man's senses wonderfully acute. He learns to use his wits, which is well-nigh a lost art among us ; he becomes versed in the lore of woodcraft and hillcraft ; he can mark a glimmer of spears six miles away, and the saddle is more easy to him than his bed. Such a trade is not over good for morality, save for the virtue of courage which it undeniably tends to foster ; but it is the very finest school in the world for the natural man. The folk

of Tweedside to-day are sprung of this fighting stock. The fathers had little time to settle on their lees and sink into the country lout ; and the children in consequence are of keener temper and finer spirit than the ordinary rustic. The difference is vividly seen when one looks at the Westland folk who have come from the remoter lands of Ayr and Lanark to settle by the Tweed. Honest and worthy, courageous and kindly, they lack few of the sterling virtues of life ; they manage their farms with commendable industry ; they fear God and do good in their several ways. But to set them on a level with the true-born uplander is to rate butter-milk as high as burgundy. It is conceivable that at certain times the former may be the more salutary diet, but this cheap quality of wholesomeness does not make the estimate any the more true. To this day you may find a certain enmity between the two strains, dislike on the one hand and distaste on the other.

To the chance traveller in their midst that which appears the most prominent quality of the people is their singular acuteness of mind. To call them cultured or learned would be to brand them with an undeserved reproach. They have indeed something of a contempt for book-learning ; the Scots phenomenon known as a "dungeon of wit" meets with less respect among them than elsewhere. The book of life is a volume which makes all printed matter of small significance. But in native shrewdness we should venture to set one of them against any other average inhabitant of the globe. Two well-known Scots philosophers, both sprung from humble origin, hailed from this place ; but they are types and not exceptions. You may see any day, behind the plough or on the shearing-stool, men with faces as ponderously thoughtful as an Aquinas. This may seem an exaggerated picture, but we fancy it is not far from the truth. To be sure this intellectuality of countenance is often deceptive, and its possessor may have no thought above whiskey or mole-catching ; but again it

is not unfrequently only the index of the sagacity and gravity within.

It is curious to note the floating fragments of learning which perambulate the countryside, stories derived, we know not whence, often strangely marred in the telling, but hinting at some share of the humanities (to use the fine Scots word) which was the possession of some prior generation. One old woman of our knowledge had a distant acquaintance with some of the tales in the *Odyssey*. She surprised us on one occasion by declaring that her son's socks were no better than Penelope's web (she did not sound the last letter of the virtuous queen's name), for what she mended in the morning was a hole again at night. She had never heard of Homer; the story was just an "owercome," which she had got from her mother. Still stranger was the tale which another was wont to tell as a warning to those who take pride in ugliness, dirt, and poverty. There were once two men, she would say, a farmer and a ploughman, the one rich and the other poor, the one humble and the other proud as Satan. One day the ploughman came to the farmer's home in his muddy boots, and was taken to the best room, where there was a very fine carpet. He had no sooner entered than he stamped his clogs upon the floor with every circumstance of scorn. "There," said he, "I trample on the pride of Platto"—Platto was the farmer's name. "Ay," says the other, "but with still greater pride." This is no less than the story of Diogenes and Plato, but the teller had no inkling of its source. "Did you ever hear of any one whose name was Platto?" we asked. "No," she said, "but, — well, there's folk called Latto, and Platto will just be an auld way of writing it."

Dr. Penicuik of Romano, who wrote a book on Tweeddale in the beginning of last century, did full justice to the good qualities of the folk, but added that there was one curious defect in all,—a total lack of music; "For," he says, "music is so great a stranger to their temper, that you will hardly

light upon one amongst six, that can distinguish one tune from another." We combat the assertion root and branch, and cannot help suspecting that the worthy doctor had himself no very shrewd ear for music. No people who had not a true love and gift for melody could have produced so many fine airs, and their written songs, though few in number, are yet choice of their kind. To cite one instance, there is that excellent drinking song, "Come sit ye doon, my cronies," which we would willingly set down were not our memory so feeble.

But to pass to graver themes; there is one side of Scots life which no man can afford to neglect, though of late years it has rather been thrust down our throats. We mean the religious. It is a fine thing to say of any folk that their religion fills a large place in the world of their thoughts. But in the Border country we venture to think that it is weighted with a healthy worldliness, so much so that frequently it disappears from the surface altogether. For, say what we may, the men of the uplands are on the whole a worldly people. Explain it as you like by their descent or by their countryside, the fact remains. They are not the stuff of which fanatics are made; the temporal and the tangible are too much before their eyes. For this very reason in the days of the Covenanters and the Persecution the Peeblesshire men did not rise like the Westland Whigs. The fugitives in the Tweedside hills were mostly men from Annandale or gaunt-faced wanderers from the moors of Clyde. To be sure there were Habb Dab and David Din, who "dang the Deil ower Dobson's linn," and who might have been expected to save the reputation of the place. These two worthies, hiding in a cave at the head of Moffat Water, were assailed by Satan in the guise of a pack of dried hides, and being strong in the faith they promptly kicked him over the waterfall. As the song has it:—

Like a pack of barkit shins
Doon fell Satan ower the Linns.

But from the very fact of their supernatural intercourse it is to be inferred that these were the exceptions, and that the zeal of the arch-enemy to convert them may be attributed to a laudable desire on his part to keep the countryside consistent. It would be a hard task to rouse the people over any mere matter of scrupulousness, any nicety of ceremonial or refinement of Church government. We have in our midst a sprinkling of earnest Whig-amores, but almost to a man they are of alien birth. The true Uplander conceives it to be a matter of little moment whether priest or presbyter chide his erring steps, or whether he worship his Maker on his knees or on his feet.

Yet to call them a godless race would be to make a vast mistake. They are a devout people according to their light, which after all is not inconsiderable. In their daily life they are punctilious in the observance of certain minutiae of the law, though when pressed they will admit that they scarce see the reason of their conduct. The reason, we take it, is their deep-rooted conservatism, holding to the old customs as far as possible because their fathers did so and their grandfathers before them. They are in general excellent attendants on the kirk, coming down from their distant glens with grave, decent faces, sitting like statues through a sermon which may be mere pulp to their strong brains, and returning home with a sense of duty fulfilled. They will rarely speak ill of a minister, believing, like George Herbert, that any want of appreciation on their part is due to the hardness of their hearts, which is a charming doctrine for the preacher. On the matter of the Sabbath, too, you will find them rigid with a most whimsical and pertinacious rigidity. One man of good character but no pretensions to piety made the writer's boyhood a burden by forbidding the reading of any secular book on the Saturday, Sabbath, or Monday. "For," said he, "though there's naething in the Bible about it, I hold that

the Lord's day shall aye get plenty of room to steer in."

Nor are the humors which attend the Church in Scotland wanting here. There was the minister of Tweedsmuir who on a certain Sabbath found a salmon stranded in shallow water, and who, being unable conscientiously to take it out on such a day, built a hedge of stones around it, and returning on the morrow claimed his prize. There was the old farmer who could not go to the kirk because he had neglected to shave on the Saturday night, and he would not profane the day by the use of any edged tool. There was the minister of Broughton who prayed for dry weather in the midst of a perfect down-pour, and when notwithstanding his prayers the great blasts of rain still beat on the window, exclaimed in his aggravation, "Lord, Lord, but this is maist reedeklous!" There is the story of the eminent Dr. Robertson the historian, who preached an eloquent sermon in the kirk of Peebles, but forgot that the door was just behind the pulpit. He concluded in a whirl of rhetoric and gracefully sank back upon his seat; but the door was open and the congregation saw only the heels of the orator as he disappeared down the back stairs. There is no limit to such tales save the memory of the narrator and the patience of his hearers.

We have said that there still exists in no inconsiderable measure the old fighting Border spirit, as dour as steel and as quick as a stream in flood. Few opportunities now remain for its appearance, for peace broods like a shadow over the land and fines for the breach of it are not desirable. But one outlet exists in an election contest. Politics to these folks are a matter of the most vital importance. We know from Lockhart that not even his age, ill health, and great name could save Sir Walter from insult at the hands of a Jedburgh mob. A man seriously adopts his party, not without grave consideration, for he knows that it will bring him lifelong hostility from the other side. There is no half-hearted

hob-nobbing with the enemy. Each sticks to his camp, and if by any chance he sees fit to change it he will be pursued with such a storm of contumely as may make him wish himself back with a hearty good-will. Family ties are of no moment in the matter. We have heard of a farmer of undoubted respectability and a large kindness whose own brother, just dead, had been of the opposite persuasion. He was talking gleefully of the decrease of the enemy in the place where his brother had lived. "There were a terrible lot o' Tories," he said, "and we were sairly bothered wi' them; but our Maker was very merciful to us and took a guid whien o' them to himsel'."

There is something Spartanlike in this devotion on one side, but there is something little short of demoniac on another. The sight of the country town on an election day, when, contrary to all hopes, the Tory candidate has been returned, is one which a man will remember all his days. The proletariat are deeply conservative in nature, but for no earthly reason they are Whig to a man by profession. They fill the street, a crowd of brown, determined faces, howling profanity. The result is announced; there is Bedlam for twenty minutes, then a mighty rush, and the honorable gentleman and his escort escape gracefully by a back close. Windows are shattered and a few heads broken; there is much marching and shouting; then the excitement calms by degrees, and by and by the men go home, very wearied, sometimes very drunk, and perhaps also a trifle ashamed.

But a more agreeable proof of their spirit is the catholic fondness for sport which is common to both high and low. There is something admirable in this liking, for sport in itself is a good thing. It brings out all the virile and sterling qualities of a man; it leaves little room, it is true, for some virtues, but it keeps the ground against the more unmanly vices. The true sportsman is a prince of good fellows; and by the name we do not mean a good shot or a skilled rider, but a man who has a love

for motion and the open air, and the two valuable qualities of courage and self-repression. It is indeed this element of sport which redeems many characters. A poacher may be a black-guard in very truth, but he would be a worse man if he were not a poacher. In him, too, is that love for danger and enterprise, that skill of hand and lore of nature, which go to ennoble his betters in the trade. To us it is something affecting to see the ragged weaver, out of work maybe, up to his knees in the stream intent upon his fishing, the herd-boy who whips the mountain-burn with his home-made rod, the village grocer who gets a day's shooting now and then from the laird. They love it, and are learned in it above the common. It would be a blessing to the land if this love were infused into all sorts and conditions of men, and the wealthy landowner would give the humbler tenants a share in the sport on his estate if they sought it, and the great merchant would 'set his poor, town-bred clerks to fish his waters, instead of filling his country houses with people who scarcely thank him.

Again, this common taste sets all classes on a level. The curling-pond is a fine instance, where the laird, the minister, the farmer, and the laborer used to meet on a common ground. We well remember one man, the sheriff of a county, a scholar and a gentleman of birth, whose bosom friend on such excursions was one Rob Tait, an inveterate poacher. The sheriff would be *skip* and Rob was beyond all question a most noted player. "Come on, Rob, my man," he would say; "show us what ye can dae. Eh, man, but that's great; that's the kind o' shot ye read about in books. There's no your match in a' the countryside. I love ye like a brother, Rob." A week later the speaker would be on the bench, and the great player arraigned before him for some one of his manifold offences. "Robert Tait, sixty days," would come the sentence in cold, judicial tones; and Rob would take it all in good part as from a friend, knowing that when he came out from prison

and the winter returned there would be no estrangement.

So much for the broad characteristics of the people, but what of the multitudinous interests and details of their daily life, their trades and professions, the little social ranks among them, the countless acts and scenes in the drama of their lives? It would need a new Sir Walter to do them justice, unless perchance the Laird of Abbotsford has done it already. It is a fact of some celebrity that a man from Tweedside loves his native valleys with a love so indiscriminating that it will admit no rival. The story of the nameless enthusiast who refused to have the mud of Tweeddale cleaned from his shoes, proves the affection which the grey old-fashioned land can inspire. So for one with a flying pen to venture to depict its arcana is a presumption more rash than that of the men who sought to carve the Koran on a nutshell.

There is a great variety of character, but scarcely, we think, much choice of trades. Life is simpler there than elsewhere, and men have only a few narrow paths wherein to direct their energy. There are the farmers, slow-spoken and hard-headed, hospitable, kindly, with little of the cloddishness of their brother of the lowlands; the herds and laborers, big men, clad in the "shadow'd livery of the burnished sun," reserved of speech, humorous, and silently contented; the more volatile folk of the towns who have seen more of the world and are sharper in their talk; lastly the dregs of the people, the poachers and black fishers, sullen fellows enough but amusing if you take them aright, and full of stories as Chaucer's pilgrims. Then there is the leaven in the lump, the lairds and ministers and country doctors, and the wealthier townsfolk, provided always they be of the true indigenous stock and not alien settlers.

But there is a dark side to the picture, one which can be shown of every community on the face of the earth. They have all the virtues of a high-spirited, high-handed race, and, let us add, not a few of its vices. The old

description of the county town as "drouthy and God-fearing" holds true, unless the former attribute has overwhelmed the latter. A thirsty place it is and a thirsty people, as any one will declare who has witnessed a market-day or a convivial gathering. The old punch-drinking times have not quite gone from the land. To be sure the men have strong heads and vast capacities, and what would make a speedy end of an urban bibulist is to them but milk and water. But it is playing with fire and does not always keep within bounds; and the end too often is much dismal and sordid tragedy.

The riff-raff of the place, the ne'er-do-weels and outcasts, are the main upstays of riot and debauch. Stories could be told of queer doings among these ragged, sunburned fellows, who spend their time in and out of jail. The salmon-poaching in the close season is the refuge of the vagrant and unsettled part of the community. It is hazardous in the extreme, for the waters are often swollen high, and men in the pursuit of sport have no care of their lives. The bailiffs, too, are keen-eyed and always on the watch, so that the game is pursued under the ban of the law and the hazards of the weather. "Firing the water," as it is called, consists in flaring torches, made of pine-knots or old barrel-staves dipped in tar, over the surface of the river, and so attracting the fish. Who does not remember the inimitable scene at Charlieshope in "Guy Mannerling"? The *leister* with its barbed prongs is a deadly weapon in a skilful hand, but in the use of it a novice is apt to overbalance himself and flounder helplessly in the wintry stream. The glare of light on the faces of the men, the leaping fish, the swirl of the dark water, the black woods around, the turmoil of the spot in contrast with the deathly quietness of the hills, the sack with its glittering spoil, the fierce, muffled talk, are in the highest degree romantic. Then, when the sport is over for the night, and if by a lucky chance they have escaped unmolested,

they will often return to some cottage, and there with barred door and shuttered windows boil a fish, sup the *broo*, and finish with deep potations of whiskey. But if some bailiff meets them, then Nemesis has them by the heels, and they make the best of their way to the county jail if they lack money to pay the fine. If, as sometimes happens, the might of the law be the weaker, a sharp scrimmage may ensue, some heads may be broken, and the band will scatter in hot haste to their homes. But we live in civilized times, when violence is sure to recoil upon the head of the transgressor; and sooner or later they will be brought to book for their misdeeds, and have leisure to repent in the quiet of a prison.

There is, indeed, among the people a good deal of what sentimentalists name the Woodland Pan, what plain people call the old Adam, or plainer still, the Devil. But where does this not exist? At any rate if it has been driven out in one form, it has returned in a worse. Some are old-fashioned enough to prefer plain, strong virtues and vices to those refinements which pass by the name among a certain portion of God's creatures. If such antiquated people are alive to-day, they may get some satisfaction out of the rough and tumble life of the hills.

For the place is still unspoiled, still much as it was to Walter Scott and to the Ettrick Shepherd, when they wandered over its moors, drank at its ale-houses, and slept in its homes. Christopher North came often thither, and to him succeeded John Campbell Shairp, who has written the song which of all others most expresses its peculiar charm. It tells of the "Bush abune Traquair," a scrap of birch on the hillside above the Quair burn, and of those who once met there.

Fræ mony a but and ben,
By muirland, holm, and glen,
They cam' ane hour to spend on the green-
wood swaird.
But long hae lad and lass
Been lying 'neath the grass,
The green, green grass o' Traquair kirk-
yard.

They were blest beyond compare
When they held their trysting there,
Among thae greenest hills shone on by the
sun;

And then they wan a rest,
The lownest and the best,
I' Traquair kirkyaird when a' was dune.

But alas, we can scarcely hope for the long continuance of the old freshness and vigor of the people, the old unsullied beauty of the valley; for the process of ruin is even now beginning. The old men are fast dying out, and the younger seek the cities, and so a new race is fast springing up which knows not the land. Water-works and the attendant horrors of brick houses and cheap shops are contemplated to fill the glens; the shrill whistle of the engine is even now seeking to scare the curlews; landlords are leaving their estates to dwell elsewhere, and ere long we may look to see Tweed tinged with another hue than the autumn floods. But that day is not yet, and if it ever comes it will scarce be regretted; for by that time the valleys will be stripped of their kindly folk, the towns of their worthies; and if the people are gone, he who once loved the land will seek elsewhere for his pleasure.

From Blackwood's Magazine.
MY MAID OF HONOR.

SOON after my return to Burma, it was my good fortune to meet again the maid of honor who told me the story that I wrote two years ago.¹ I had never told her that I was going to publish her story, and I was afraid she might be offended when she heard. I found that there was no necessity to tell her. She knew. The story had been copied into the *Rangoon Gazette*, and a translation had appeared in a vernacular paper. She was not at all offended, though she was a little shy at appearing in print ever so many thousands of miles away in the fairy country of Belat (Europe).

¹ See "The Last Days of an Empire," *LIVING AGE*, No. 2557, p. 18.

However, when I produced a little present that I had got for her, to show her that I had not quite forgotten her, I think she was pleased.

I told her of some of the criticisms on her story; how some people said that it was not true, because it did not agree with what had been written before; but mostly I told her of the favorable things that had been said. And when I had coaxed her into a good temper, there, in the shadows of the garden, I begged her to tell me some more of the palace and the queen. I did not find her very ready to do so. I think she had doubts as to how it might sound in my translation to ears that have never heard Burmese, or what mistakes I might make. She looks upon me as a person very ignorant of the Burmese—as indeed I am—and well-meaning rather than well-doing.

But I think she forgot after a while the object of our talks, and was pleased to recall to herself these long-past days that she always says were so pleasant. "For it was very pleasant in the palace then," she says often, with a little stop in her voice.

It must not be forgotten that she was only a child, a little girl of thirteen, when Mandalay fell, and that she saw with childish eyes, and was blind to many things an older woman would have seen. To children, all that those they love do is done well. Criticism does not come to us till later and less happy days. Our gods are near to us when we are young, and we never look at their feet to see if they be clay. And who would ask that our early feelings and impressions should be revised by later knowledge? I have never told her a great deal that has been said about her queen, and the light in which some of her acts are regarded. Why should I?

There appear to have been a great number of maids of honor—over five hundred in all, she told me. They were divided into companies of thirty or forty, with some one as head. My maid of honor belonged to a company whose head was the daughter of the

Taingda Mingyi, the old minister who brought on the war. She was not his own daughter, but adopted. They were sent on duty for six hours at a time, and the queen herself distributed the hours of service for each company.

The maids of honor had nine silk skirts a month given them, and money besides for jackets and kerchiefs. The queen wore, as a rule, much the same clothes as her maids; but there was this rule, that if she was wearing a skirt of a certain design, no princess or maid must wear one of that same kind on that day.

"But how did you manage?" I asked. "Did you know beforehand what the queen was to wear?"

"When we went on duty we would peep and see, hiding behind some one else. And if we were wearing a skirt like the queen, we would run off and change it and return."

When I suggested that at the rate of nine a month skirts must have accumulated, she said it was easy to give them away to attendants. Nine a month were none too many, for it was necessary to look smart before the queen. Then skirts got spoiled in many ways. They would play hide-and-seek in the gardens. The queen would hide, and the princesses and maids of honor would look for her. Of course they never found her, and the queen was very pleased. It must be remembered that the queen was not twenty-three when the palace was taken. She was only a girl too.

"What happened if any one was rash enough to find the queen?" I asked.

The girl laughed. It appears that when she first went to the palace and played hide-and-seek she found the queen. "For indeed it was easy enough. I could see her kneeling down on a little hill behind a clump of bamboos. Every one could see. So I went up and found her."

"And then?"

"She boxed my ears. She was very angry."

"I suppose you never found her again?" I asked.

"No! No one could ever find her except the king, who would come and play with us too. Then after a time, when she was tired of seeing us wander up and down and look in all the wrong places, she would come out laughing, and say she was too clever for us, and that some one else must hide. So one of us would hide, and there would be great fun looking for her all up and down the garden, in the boats, behind the rocks, or perhaps we would find her perched in a tamarind-tree.

"Then we would go out in the boats. The fish were so tame that if you put some rice on the edge and tapped the bank, and cried 'Hey! hey! hey!' the fish would come crowding up and eat it. There were so many they would quarrel and fight and push each other about to get at the rice. Some had gold-leaf put on their heads. Once when the queen was in a boat with the king a big fish jumped right into the boat, and the queen was delighted, and laughed and screamed, and took it up in her hands and put it back in the water. Her dress was all splashed over with water and mud, but she did not mind that.

"We also used to catch crows."

"What did you do that for?" I asked.

"For fun. We would wait till a crow came into the room, and rush and slam the doors. Then there would be a great running about, and climbing on tables, and throwing handkerchiefs to fetch the crow down."

"What did you do then? Kill it?"

"Kill it?" she answered with great surprise. "What should we want to take its little life for? The queen would put gold-leaf on its beak, or put a ring on its foot, or tie a string with something on it round the crow's neck, and let it go again. There was always a tremendous excitement among the other crows when this crow came out. They would crowd round it and caw very loudly, and the caught crow was ashamed. We never caught the same crow twice.

"If it was very hot, and we could not go out, the queen would wrap up a

lot of things in paper—rings and gold and stones and feathers—and put them in a bag. The princesses and maids of honor drew the things out. When you got a ring or a jewel you were pleased, when you got a feather every one laughed at you."

"Did you ever get a feather?" I put in.

"No! I never got a feather; but I got a piece of tobacco-leaf once, and I got a small gold ring another time.

"Three times a year there was a great amusement throwing water at each other. A low bamboo barrier was put in the garden, and the queen and her maids were on one side and the king and his pages on the other. We got water in little cups, and threw it one side at the other. We got very wet, and we were not allowed to wear old dresses, but quite new ones. They were all spoiled, of course."

"Who threw water at the queen?"

"The king. Who else?"

"And did the pages cross over the barrier?"

"If any page crossed over the barrier to our side he would have been executed straight off. No one ever did, of course.

"No! girls would never cross to the men's side. How can you ask such a question?"

"Then twice a year money would be thrown by the king for the people to scramble for. He would throw fifty thousand rupees or more. One man would get thirty rupees or fifty rupees."

"What did you get?"

"I was a maid of honor. Maids of honor do not scramble for money. That was for the attendants," she answered somewhat severely.

It seemed to me that I was asking rude questions. I changed the subject.

"Did the king and queen have dinner together?"

"Yes; they had breakfast at nine o'clock, and dinner at four o'clock in the evening. At midday the queen would have cake, Japanese cakes. She had a Japanese cook-woman who

knew how to make sugared cakes, which were very nice. The breakfast and dinner was rice, just like any other person's dinner. I never supposed anybody could live on anything but rice till I saw the English. The queen and king ate rice, and there was curry too. It was brought in golden bowls by the man who cooked it, and he had to eat a little himself to show that there was no poison in it."

"Was there ever any poison?" I inquired.

"No; never."

"And what else did you do all day?" I asked. "Did the king ever do any work, or the queen? The time must have been very long."

"The king used to go to the court-house sometimes in the early morning. The queen did not go. It was not her business. The time was not long at all. It was very pleasant in the palace. We used to read books, sacred books generally, and talk, and there was always new people coming and news to hear."

"You never got a newspaper, I suppose?"

"No. There were no newspapers in the king's time. What is the good of them? I have looked once or twice at the *Mandalay Times*, which I have seen in my mother's house. It says that a man fell down out of some house in Mandalay town and broke his neck, and that the Japanese are taking some place I never heard of before, and that some ship has sunk in the sea near Belat. I do not care to know these things. I do not even know if these things are true. I have a cousin who helps in one of the papers, and he tells me that many of the things are not true at all. I do not see the use of papers."

"They are not any use," I answered, "except to the proprietors. I suppose your cousin gets some money for helping on the paper?"

"Little enough," she said. "Besides, it is a great shame to make money by selling things that are all made up. I do not think the government ought to allow newspapers.

Besides they are very rude sometimes."

Probably she has seen some disagreeable remarks about some of her friends. I thought I would change the subject again.

"What else did you do in the palace?"

"I must think," she said, and she moved round on the mat she was sitting on and looked up meditatively at the silver star that beamed above the sunset.

"Thakin," she said presently.

"Yes?"

"Did you ever know of a king and queen cooking their own dinner?"

I said that none of the kings and queens of my acquaintance would do such a thing.

"No!" she acquiesced; "it is unheard of. But my king and queen did so one day."

I assumed a look of extreme surprise. "What for?" I asked.

"For fun. There was nothing to do in the afternoon. It was hot, and we were all sleepy. The queen was not sleepy at all. Suddenly she said to the king, 'There is nothing to do. Let us cook our dinner. I never cooked a dinner—did you?' The king said he never did. The queen said it was a thing everybody ought to know, even kings, and it must be great fun."

"So we were sent off in a hurry. Some went here to get firewood, others to get earthenware pans for cooking, others for rice and water. It was, 'A hundred rupees for a pumpkin,' or 'Here five hundred rupees for some curry-powder,' or 'A thousand rupees for a few chillies.'"

"We got all the things at last and put them down in the shade outside, and the king and queen set to work. They would not let any one help. So we sat round and looked on. The king lit the fire after much trouble, and made himself dreadfully dirty. One of us had to tell him how to do it. The queen put the rice into the cooking-pot with water. She ought to have washed the rice first, but she did not know

that. Then the king set to and made another fire between three bricks and boiled the rice, and the queen made the curry. She did not know anything about making curries, and she kept asking questions all the time. She never peeled the pumpkin, and she put in far too much chillies.

"While the king and queen were arguing about how much salt there ought to be in the curry the fire under the rice went out, and the king had to light it again. When he thought the rice was sufficiently cooked he took it off and thought all was done. But he could not understand why it was so wet. We had to tell him to pour off the water and dry the rice.

"When at last it was done we had all of us to eat it, for the queen said she was not hungry. She ate just a little, and we ate all the rest. It was not good at all. The rice was quite hard in the middle and smoky, and the curry was so hot that tears came into our eyes. Fortunately there were a great many of us, and everybody wanted to eat a little because the king and queen had cooked it. For no one ever before heard of a king and queen cooking food. It was a quite unknown thing in all the world for kings and queens to cook. But it was very amusing. Ah! it was very pleasant in the palace in those days."

She stopped again, and there came into my mind a saying of the wise old minister, the Kinwoon Mingyi, in those last days of the fall. How one day he went into the palace to see the king about some very important business, that business on which lay the fate of the king and queen and their followers and their people, and he could get no attention because the king was playing with the queen. The minister went away sadly to face the ruin coming swiftly up the river, and when he came without the palace to his own house he met there some of his advisers, Europeans, who were trying to help him to save the king in spite of the king. They asked him how he had sped in his interview, and the minister told what had happened—how the king

was at play and could not be disturbed. "The kingdom is in the hands of children," he said. "There is no hope at all."

Presently she went on again: "The queen used to go twice a day to the pagoda in the palace to pray, once in the morning and once in the evening as the sun set."

"What did she pray for?" I asked.

"What does one pray for, Thakin? She prayed for what she wanted, I suppose, just as we do. I should think she asked that her little son might not die, and to keep the love of her husband, just as we all do. A queen would not pray differently from any other woman, would she? Both her sons died from smallpox one after the other, and the queen was very sorry. The girls did not die, and every morning they came to bow to the king and queen. They lived in a separate part of the palace from the queen. The girls lived, but the sons always died. And yet the queen tried all she could to have strong children. When a baby was coming she would eat lizards' eggs out of the jungle. They were toasted over the fire, and are very strong food. And she would eat the flesh of unborn calves. Only she of all the people in the palace was allowed meat, and only when she was going to have a child. But it was all no good, the sons always died.

"The king also went to the pagoda twice a day to pray. And the monks would come and talk to him, and he would always listen to what they said. Monks would come to him when they liked. He was a good man, the king, and every one liked him. Some people did not like the queen at all. She was very severe. If the king said that any person was to be punished, he generally was sorry afterwards and the man got off; but the queen was never sorry. If she said that any one was to be executed, there was no hope at all. She had no mercy when she gave an order.

"There was a Roman Catholic sister in the palace who used often to come to the queen, and the queen gave her

four little girls to take away and educate properly. She took them away and kept them for a year or two, and took them to Bengal and elsewhere, I think. After a time they came back, and the queen sent for them to come to her in the palace.

"So the children came. They were dressed in European dress, and when they came into the queen's presence, instead of sitting down, as all must before the queen, they stood up. Mebya was very angry. 'Sit down,' she said; but they did not. They were frightened, I think, and did not understand. She caught one by the arm and pulled it down, and the others then sat down. 'What is this?' said the queen, and she pulled at a chain round the neck of one of them, and a little image came out. 'It is the image of a god,' she said, 'of a foreign god. Take them away and dress them properly, and take away their idols,' for each had an image to its neck.

"Mebya was not at all pleased with these children, but soon they became just like any one else.

"This was only a little anger. Once I saw her very angry indeed, dreadfully angry. I remember how frightened we all were."

She stopped again for a moment. I said nothing. I saw that she was quite lost in her memories of those palace days, and would talk on and on if I did not interrupt her. The present was quite forgotten in the recollections of her youth. There was a far-away look in her face, and a soft color on her cheeks, as if she was very happy.

It was dark now across the hills, and very still. The low whisper of moving water came up out of the river, and the night looked down upon us with a thousand diamond eyes.

"There was a princess, a half-sister of the king, younger than he, younger than the queen Mebya, the youngest of all the princesses. She had a household of her own, as all the princesses had, and she was very pretty. She was religious too, and would go often with her attendants outside the palace to the monastery near the south wall to

give offerings to the monks and to hear them preach. It happened one evening when she went there to hear a sermon, that she noticed seated behind the monk a boy just received into the monastery. All boys, as the Thakin knows, must enter the monkhood once in their lives, and take the yellow robe, and keep the vows, if it be only for the months of fasting. This boy was about sixteen then, and he had just come in, and sat there behind his teacher, holding his fan, and the princess thought he was the most lovable of all boys whom she had seen.

"She could not, of course, speak to him, but whenever she could she would go to that monastery to give offerings and hope to see the little novice. Sometimes she saw him, and sometimes he was with his teacher and did not appear. But when she saw his face she forgot all the teaching of the monk, all the prayers she came to say; she forgot everything, as girls do.

"So she was in love with the novice, and she thought always of him and of how she could tell him of her love. But it was very difficult. You see she was a king's daughter, and kings' daughters may only marry kings. There was no chance at all that she could ever marry him, or even speak to him except by some deceit. She was very carefully kept in the palace, and no men could come near her. To any man who came into her presence unbidden, only one thing could happen, and that was death.

"The princess knew this, but still she did not despair. She thought and thought of some way. She was quite certain she would succeed in the end, and this is what she did.

"There was an old woman among her servants who had been her nurse when she was a little girl, and she told the old nurse about it. And the nurse begged and prayed her princess to forget the boy; she said over and over again that nothing could happen but disaster, grievous disaster, to both, and death. But the girl would not hear. It is like pouring oil upon a fire to give advice to one in love, the Thakin knows, and it

only made the princess more and more determined that the boy should come to her. Not all the guards and orders of the king, not all the thousand prying eyes of the palace, not anything in heaven or earth, not even the fear of death, should keep them apart. That she was sure. At last, when the princess one day rushed out of her rooms in the palace to drown herself in the moat, the old nurse gave way, and said she would take a message to the boy; but she meant quite a different message from what the princess thought.

"The nurse went to the monastery that evening, and in some way she managed to see the boy. She told him that the princess had fallen in love with him. Then she went on to say what a terrible thing it was, and how it could only end in one way. The boy must run away, she said, to avoid death. If he did not go, she said, she would herself tell an official, and have him sent to exile to Mogaung. He must not stay and trouble the heart of the princess, but be off at once.

"The old nurse expected the boy would be terrified, and that she would have no trouble with him. 'He will run off at once,' she said to herself; 'and when the princess cannot see him every day nearly, as she does now, she will in time forget. This is the way out of the difficulty.'

"But the boy refused to go. Whether it was he had noticed the princess looking at him, and had fallen in love with her too, I do not know; but he declined to go. 'If you,' he said to the nurse, 'go and tell any official about it, and I am arrested, I will tell them all about the reason. I will say that you came to me with messages from the princess. Everybody shall know. Go and tell your official if you like. You know what will happen. If the king does not punish you for bringing me messages, the princess will have you killed for getting me into trouble; and the princess will herself be punished. Go and tell.'

"The nurse saw she had made a tremendous mistake. She ought to have gone straight to some official and

got the boy sent off without his knowing why he was sent. Now she saw that matters were very much worse than before.

"She went back to the palace in despair; and when the princess questioned her about what had happened, she was obliged to lie, and say that there was no way of speaking to the boy, as the monks were all about.

"The princess was exceedingly angry at this, and said it was because the nurse was stupid. Then she said if time could not be gained to talk to the boy, yet the nurse could get a chance of giving him a note. So the princess went off and wrote a letter, a love-letter. She wrote it very small upon a little piece of paper, which she rolled up like one of those rolls of paper that women wear in the holes of their ears to keep the hole open and in proper shape when they do not care to wear gold ear-rings. She wrote the letter very secretly so that no one should know, and next afternoon she came and put it in the old woman's ear, and sent her out to the monastery to see the boy.

"So the woman went. She gave up trying to fight against the love of the princess, and she surrendered herself to fate. She went and gave the letter to the boy, slipping it into his hand by stealth as she placed some flowers before the image of Buddha. She could not get an answer that night, of course, but the princess did not mind. When she heard that the letter had reached the boy she was happy again.

"Do you know what it was she wrote, Thakin?"

"How can I know?" I said; "I never received a love-letter from any young lady. How do they write? Tell me."

"It was not just a letter. It was a little love-song. All women know it. It goes like this," and she began to hum to herself in curious minor tones a song of which this is a translation. She sang it so prettily that it seemed to me she must be thinking of some one to whom she herself would like to say the words. Perhaps she did:—

My lover is gold, he is pure gold without any speck. I will love him for a hundred years, never shall I cease to love him. Do not doubt me, my lover, for I am not as other girls are who love here and there, but am true far beyond death. Love me, then, for there is no one that can love you as I do. Come, let us go, my lover to the pagoda, and we will pray there that we may never part; not in this life, nor in the next, nor the next. For a hundred lives, for a thousand eternities, we shall live and live and be together.

My lover is pure gold. I would wear him as a necklet about my neck that should not leave me forever. He is my king, my lord, and there is no one in my heart but him.

When she had finished there was a silence. Far away across the river the gongs in a monastery began to ring, and the notes thrilled to us out of the distance like an answer to her words. In amongst the bushes of the garden the gauzy white-winged moths wavered to and fro, and a night-jar came fleeing past on noiseless wings.

"Next day the princess went in the evening to the monastery with the nurse and attendants to give offerings, and she saw him, the boy, her lover. They could not speak, of course — they could only look a little, a very little, for fear people should notice; but as they came away the boy managed to give a note to the old woman, who gave it to the princess. I do not know what was in the letter. I know what was in the one the princess wrote, because it was found afterwards, but the note he wrote her was never found. After this they wrote to each other often, using always the old nurse as messenger, and writing the letter on little slips of paper to be put in her ears. And when they saw each other at the monastery they loved each other more and more.

"It seemed as if this must be the end, for how could they ever meet — she who was a princess, and he a lad in a monastery? Presently he left the monastery and returned to his home in Mandalay; but this made matters no better, only perhaps worse.

"But the princess was mad, and nothing would stop her. She thought

and thought, till at last a scheme came to her. She waited till the boy's hair was grown long again — it was shaved off in the monastery — and then she sent out the old nurse to him one evening secretly with a letter and a bundle.

"The letter was just a few words of love, for there is no room to write much on a piece of paper, but the old woman had her orders. She met the lad at nightfall in the house of a relation in the city, and she gave him the letter and opened the bundle. 'Here,' she said, 'is one of my princess's own dresses. Quick, change and put it on. Tie up your hair like a girl, and here is some false hair to add to it, and here are some flowers.' So the boy changed quickly, putting off his boy's dress, and putting on the pink and silver skirt and white jacket of a girl. He put flowers in his hair, and a pearl necklace about his neck, and gold bangles on his arms. Nothing had been forgotten. With his round cheeks and his young figure he looked just like a girl, and they went away, the nurse and the boy-girl, through the city to the palace gates. The nurse told the sentries that this was her niece, a young girl who was coming to be attendant on the princess, and the guards let her through. They went on through the gardens to the rooms where the princess lived. So they met at last, those two, and loved and kissed and slept in each other's arms, with the fear of death covering them like a cloak. But they did not care. What did it matter?" She stopped again.

To make the end plain, I must explain here what those who do not know the Burmese tongue would not understand. There are in Burmese two sets of pronouns. One is masculine and the other is feminine. Thus a man for "I" would say *chundaw*, but a woman would say *chümmà*, and so on. It must have been very bewildering to one brought up as a man to say *chundaw*, to have to remember always to say *chümmà*. It is but a trifle, perhaps, but it was the flaw wherein the princess's little intrigue failed, and it brought ruin to them both.

"They lived," went on my maid of honor, "together for months. Of course some of the attendants on the princess soon got to know that the new girl was no maid at all, but a boy. But the secret was well kept. You see, Thakin, that it was such a deadly secret that no one dared to speak of it. Had it been a little thing, no doubt it would soon have been spread all over the palace; but this was far too serious.

"The boy kept very quiet. He just stayed in the princess's rooms and went nowhere for a long time. I suppose the secret must have been found out sometime, but who could have suspected the way of it?

"One morning when I went to my wait at noon, I saw at once when I came into the queen's presence that something had gone wrong. She looked very angry. She had a way of ruffling up her skirt to show her little bare feet when she was annoyed, and she had ruffled it up very much this morning. The king was seated by her, looking very troubled. All the maids were frightened to death, and in front of the king and queen, kneeling on the floor, were two guards of the gate with a girl between them. The guards were just explaining to the king how that this girl had come to the gate that morning to get out. They had challenged her. 'Who are you?' they said, for they did not recognize her face. And the girl had looked up and asked, '*Chundaw la?* Are you speaking to me?' using the fatal masculine. The suspicions of the guards were aroused. 'What girl are you that speak like a man?' they said, and they arrested this would-be girl, and soon enough discovered who she was.

"There was the lad kneeling before the king, grey with fear, for he knew his time was come. He could not speak for very horror, and you could see him panting for breath. We were all so sorry for him, for he was such a pretty boy, and looked prettier in his girl's dress.

"Presently through the door and up the steps came the princess. She had been sent for by the king. I do not

think she knew at first why she had been called, but when she saw her lover there she understood at once. She came up as near to him as she could, and knelt down before the king. She looked in great distress, and tears came into her eyes and ran down her cheeks. She looked only at her lover, she never looked at the king or queen or any one else. He was so afraid, I do not think he even knew she was there — he was quite distraught. Then there was an inquiry. It did not take long, for the princess confessed at once. She said it was all her fault; the boy was not to blame, she insisted. If any one was to be punished it must be she, for it was by her orders that the lad had been brought into the palace. She pleaded and pleaded for the boy, and I think the king looked sorry, but the queen only got more and more angry. She was especially furious at the love-letter, the little love-song the princess had written to her lover, which was found on him when he was searched at the gate. He had always carried it with him. It was a terrible scene, Thakin. Such an end to all their love-making! I can remember it all now. I can see it as if it were before me. The room with gold-and-red pillars, and the sad king, and the angry queen, and the princess, and — "

Her voice had begun to quaver, and she stopped suddenly and began to cry softly; she was so sorry for them both. Poor child, it must have been a dreadful scene for a little girl of only twelve years old to witness. No wonder she remembered it so well. Her tears seemed to give her relief, but I said, "Do not go on if it hurts you. I can imagine the end."

"I will finish now, as I have begun," she said. "There is not much more. The inquiry was soon over, for there was no doubt about it. No one denied what had happened. The boy, still in his girl's dress, was led away, and the princess followed. Many of us who could escape unseen went after them to see. The boy went along between his guards like a man in a dream. Once without the king's presence, the

princess tried to get to her lover to kiss him, but the guards repulsed her, and her attendants took hold of her to take her to her chambers, as the king had ordered; but she broke from them, and seized a golden bowl of drinking water which one of her attendants was carrying for her. She went up to the guards again with it. 'Give it to him,' she said, 'my last gift.' The guards saw no harm, and gave the boy the water, and he drank to her with lack-lustre eyes. Then her attendants took her away. 'Be of good courage,' she cried as she went. 'Be of good courage, for I love you always.' She did not care who heard. The boy tried to speak, but his throat was choked, and they went each their own way, and they never saw each other again.

"The princess was shut up in a special prison. After a few days she was told that her lover had been exiled to Mogaung, far away on the Chinese frontier. It was told her so that she might not be too distressed. But she knew that he had gone to no Mogaung. She would not believe. She knew he was dead; and in a few days more, brooding over her misery, she went mad.

"There she was found when Mandalay was taken. She was released then, and gradually got back her senses and became a nun. She is now alive in Mandalay—a nun.

"And the boy? No one can love a princess and live. He was drowned in the Irrawaddy. He was tied up in a sack with great stones, and thrown from a boat into the waters of the great river."

H. FIELDING.

From The National Review.

SIR JAMES FITZJAMES STEPHEN.¹

BY SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK.

It would be an idle compliment to say that Mr. Leslie Stephen's life of his brother is a good piece of literary

workmanship. That is no more than we have to expect of Mr. Stephen, whatever may be the subject on which he chooses to write. What makes his book eminently acceptable to everyone who wished to see Fitzjames Stephen's memory duly honored, as well as making it a substantial addition to Mr. Leslie Stephen's own achievements, is the admirable judgment shown by the writer in dealing not only with many things to which he is the best living witness, but with a considerable mass of professional and more or less technical matters not naturally familiar to him, and largely taken, by the necessity of the case, from external information. It is difficult for a friend of both the subject of the memoir and the biographer to be sure of being free from bias, but, so far as I can trust my impression, it seems to me that Mr. Stephen's treatment of Fitzjames's work is really not open to any material exception, and deserves approval as nearly unqualified as can be deserved by any human performance in this kind. Even the tale of minute clerical errors and misprints is less than one commonly expects in a first edition: an allusion to "*Madame de Bovary*," "*characteristic facts of the paper*," i.e., the *Saturday Review*, which obviously should read "*parts*," and "*equality, justice, and good conscience*" for the well-known Anglo-Indian formula "*justice, equity, and good conscience*," are the gravest I have noted. Having nothing to offer that can properly be called criticism, perhaps the best thing I can do is to speak from my own point of view by way of confirmation, and possibly of supplement in some particulars.

My acquaintance with Fitzjames Stephen began when he came home from India in 1872. Like many other of the things for which I have had most cause to be thankful, it was due in a large measure to Sir Henry Maine, who was already pleased to treat me as a promising learner in his school. I was very young at the bar, and as young men will, and perhaps ought, I cherished ideals of reform and development

¹ The Life of James Fitzjames Stephen, Bart., K.C.S.I., a Judge of the High Court of Justice. By his brother Leslie Stephen. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1895. 8vo, X and 504 pp.

which at the time seemed objects of proximate attainment, and which I am now content to worship as somewhat remote counsels of perfection. But I remain of opinion that the drawbacks of being an enthusiast at twenty-five are less than those of being an obstructive at fifty.

Nothing less than a strong dose of scientific enthusiasm would have sufficed in this case to overleap the barriers of shyness, reasonable diffidence, and difference of age and standing, and make the best of the advantages given to me by my father's friendship with distinguished Cambridge men, not only of his own undergraduate generation, but of those which succeeded it down to the middle of the century. There was another influence of real importance, though it would be as difficult as it is needless to convince outsiders that it is not exaggerated by those who know it. So much has already been said in print about the Cambridge Apostles, including what my father, the most discreet of men, thought proper to say in his "Remembrances," and what is most well and judiciously said on the best authority in this very book, that I can have no scruple in adding my testimony to the singularly beneficent power of that society in preserving continuous intellectual fellowship and personal sympathy among its members of all ages, professions, and opinions. I do not know, and I doubt whether any one now living knows, exactly how a society founded in the form of an ordinary essay club came to assume this character; anyhow it did so at an early stage, and provided a common ground for men of such widely different faculties and tempers as Maurice, G. S. Venables (a remarkable man who, like Charles Austin, was condemned by the special branch of his profession to which he devoted himself to leave no tangible record), James Spedding, Thompson, Monckton Milnes, Clerk Maxwell, Maine, and Stephen to meet and exchange ideas with absolute frankness. Mr. Stephen has recorded Fitzjames's own statement that he and

Maine took some time to understand one another; without the freedom of the society's meetings I suspect it would have been longer. For my own part I am sure I was beholden to the Apostles, if not for being so early admitted to friendly relations by Maine and Stephen, yet for the rapid and easy growth of our friendship once begun.

Maine and Fitzjames Stephen were quite at their best in each other's company. Their qualities had precisely the differences that were fitted to make each of them play, so to speak, up to the other's hand. It was a large and luminous conversation, with none of the pettiness of common talk, and very little of the technical and professional detail of which lay people complain when lawyers are gathered together. Not that I allow the complaint; for, as Theocritus says, who may speak Doric if not Dorians? and it is not the least of our privileges that in any part of the English-speaking world two lawyers can always, within five minutes after they meet, be talking of things no foreigner can understand. However, Maine and Stephen met on a wider plane, and as men of the world, but not worldly. They both avoided insisting on small points (a fault which has spoilt many a good talk), though for quite different reasons. As Mr. Leslie Stephen has truly noted, Fitzjames's mind had not the subtilty and accuracy of a born scholar; he was accurate by taking pains and not by instinct, and there was a point beyond which he did not think it worth the pains, though he grudged no amount of toil for any object that he appreciated. Maine, on the other hand, was not of a laborious constitution, and rather shrank from undertaking any minute investigation; his strength was in combining a wide and masterful view of his subject as a whole with rapid and exquisitely fine perception of the manner in which details told on the general result. Stephen, therefore, eschewed the mint and anise and cummin of discussion because such things did not interest him, but Maine rather because his knowledge and subtilty made him wary

of committing himself. Both Maine and Stephen, moreover, had the practised journalist's power of coming to the point in the most effective manner, and without loss of time; and both, while they shared a sceptical or even pessimistic temper about many political and social questions, had that ample sense of humor which is the proper compensation of pessimism, and of which many respectable optimists are wholly deprived, lest they should be too happy for human fortune. It will be seen that the conversation of two such men, though constantly prolonged until it had to be cut short by the positive exigencies of daily life, could not suffer either from prolixity or from unrelieved seriousness. For many years it was among my greatest pleasures, and I cannot but think that much of what I learnt from it, though not capable of being set down in terms, has entered into whatever powers I may have acquired of making my own knowledge useful or interesting to others by speech or writing. As time went on I naturally became more independent in my methods of work, which, indeed, from the first were nearer to Maine's than to Stephen's, and nothing could have been more generous than Stephen's recognition of a younger man's right to go his natural way. Once he wrote to me, quite frankly and pleasantly, about his mixed feelings in seeing results not much unlike his own arrived at by widely different means.

During those same years, and especially before Sir James Stephen was appointed a judge, I saw a great deal of his work and projects. Mr. Leslie Stephen has, according to my recollection, slightly underrated the hopes entertained by him at one time of persuading the heads of the legal profession to take up Lord Westbury's abandoned scheme of codification on more practical lines. I think his hopes were pretty high for some years, and not without reasonable grounds. Between 1872 and 1879 there were no means of foreseeing the recrudescence of party strife and external troubles

which, now for half a generation, has thrown deliberate constructive reform into the background. As late as 1879, indeed, there seemed to be a fair prospect of passing an English criminal code which would have been better than any then existing. Meanwhile Italy has advanced while we have stood still, and the new Italian Penal Code holds the primacy for the present. About 1875, however, I think Fitzjames Stephen had come to the conclusion that private enterprise must lead the way before any considerable support could be obtained for a codifying movement. I was to have been associated with him in a digest of the law of contract, and we talked over it at various times at his chambers in the Temple (though I am free to confess that we were apt to diverge from Indian codes into other Indian matters, and from the philosophy of law into things in general). This plan, however, was cut off by his promotion to the Bench, and left so little record that it has only a passing mention in this book. One small part of it was executed, and was published several years afterwards in the first number of the *Law Quarterly Review*, where the curious may find it if they will.

None of Stephen's particular designs for the codification of English law have yet been carried into effect, but it must not be supposed that they were fruitless. His example was followed by my learned friend Judge Chalmers on the subject of bills of exchange, and by myself on that of partnership. Both of our works have been substantially adopted by the legislature, and in both cases an important branch of commercial law has been made accessible and intelligible to men of business without producing (in thirteen years' experience in one case and five in the other) any of the increased litigation or other troubles foretold in general terms by the opponents of codification. The skilled hand of Judge Chalmers has now given us a code on the sale of goods which has not even been adversely criticised. I am not prepared to deny that Fitzjames Stephen may

have wanted to go too fast in England, or may have actually gone too fast, in one or two cases, in India. Still, if work of this kind is to be kept in hand until it is in a form absolutely beyond criticism, it is in great danger of not getting done at all. It must also be remembered in any critical estimate of Stephen's own performances, whether official in India or experimental in England, that he always insisted on periodical revision and correction as among the necessary functions of a properly equipped legislative department. To point out, as I have myself done more than once, that the Indian Contract Act of 1872 has stood too long unrevised, is not in any way derogatory to Stephen's merit in finally settling that act and passing it into law after long delays caused by differences on two or three points of policy which his predecessors had been unable to overcome. Rather it is mere fidelity to Stephen's own declared principles : a code, as he was never tired of saying, is an elaborate piece of mechanism, and one might as well expect the engines of a ship to run for a hundred voyages without adjustments or repairs as a code to be administered for twenty years without disclosing any need for amendment. There has been some improvement in these matters, and in this country we may be thankful that we have a Parliamentary Counsel's office, and that the House of Commons sometimes refrains from spoiling its work. But it remains true that only a minority of the educated public, and even of lawyers, appreciate the importance of legislation as a distinct branch of legal science and art ; and among that minority still fewer understand its difficulty.

Fitzjames Stephen's official work in India filled a very short part of his life, but in some ways the most important and fruitful part. After the lapse of more than twenty years, as I can report from what I heard on the spot, it has left among both official and unofficial people at the seat of government a memory of strenuous and mainly successful exertion which is still lively, and which is all the more remarkable

because Stephen resigned the post of legal member of council after holding it only half the usual period of five years. I think some of his minutes and speeches, and especially the minute on the administration of justice which was the last or almost the last of his official writings, might well be republished here, as a selection of Maine's has already been. The last-mentioned minute, in particular, contains some of Stephen's best and most characteristic work, and many parts of it are of general interest to students of legislation and judicial systems. His general attitude towards Anglo-Indian life exhibits his fair-mindedness and sense of justice in a striking light. It is evident that the climate, the official restraint, the elaborate routine of even private life, and the general incomprehensibility of Asiatic ways to the Western mind, were irksome and repugnant to him. As regards the absence of English comfort of which he complained, I can only suppose, knowing Fitzjames Stephen to have been in no way a fastidious man, that either he was exceptionally ill served or there has been a great improvement in the last twenty years. Yet he never wavered in his appreciation of India and the British Empire in India as being perhaps the most interesting things in the modern world. Once, under the stress of indignation produced by the murder of Lord Mayo, he wrote of India as a country "for which no Englishman ever did or ever will or can feel one tender or genial feeling." Mr. Leslie Stephen has supplied the proper qualification in a note. In addition to the special circumstances, it may be said that Calcutta is in itself the least interesting and the least genuinely Indian place in the whole of northern India, and probably about the least favorable place for observing native types of character. I do not myself understand how one can be expected to have any defined feelings towards a continent inhabited by a vast population of the most diverse races and manners ; but there is no doubt at all that in many cases Englishmen in

India have contracted a real affection for the people among whom and with whom they did their duty, and the affection has been mutual so far as the great gulf of religion and custom would allow. Not having seen much of India, I yet have seen how a Rajput gentleman looks an English gentleman in the face, how an English scholar can be as much at ease among Mahomedan pupils as a fellow of an English college among his juniors, and how a Sikh gentleman can greet an English traveler like an old friend for the sake of his kinship to an official superior who left India many years before. Perhaps the evidence is slender; but in such matters one's impressions cannot be measured by the quantity of the experience, and I stand convinced that the pessimist view of our relations with natives of good condition is on the whole to be set down as an excusable passing mood and not as a justifiable opinion. In this as in some other matters Fitzjames Stephen did himself injustice by excess of candor, putting forward, as Mr. Stephen observes, the harsher side of his opinions rather than softening it. One thing more may be worth mention, upon a point occurring not in the account of Fitzjames Stephen's Indian office, but in what is said of his later correspondence with Lord Lytton. The suggestion of an authorized textbook of morality for Indian schools, which appears to Mr. Leslie Stephen "rather quaint," would cause an educated Asiatic to wonder, if at all, only that we have not done something of the kind long ago. Certainly it has been under quite serious consideration. It would in effect be a partial renewal of Akbar's grand though premature endeavor for unity, on more modern and less ambitious lines.

Mr. Leslie Stephen has spoken of his brother's interest in religious and philosophical speculation so fully and with such discernment that I cannot pretend to add anything. The beliefs at which Fitzjames arrived after much thought and searching of heart were those of a strong and sincere nature revolting against a dogmatic education, but re-

volting, in the main, within the limits which that education had laid down. It is a vigorous reaction, but on the same plane and the same lines as the action to which it is opposed. Only personal and historical interest can now be claimed for most of the results. In the philosophy of politics and law, Fitzjames Stephen was an uncompromising Hobbist. This doctrine amounts to making the ideas of one branch of law, namely the criminal law, the sole and universal measure of admissible conceptions not only in jurisprudence but in politics and ethics; and Mr. Leslie Stephen has given a hint that this point does not escape him. It is not a doctrine I can accept, but it still has many supporters, who ought to be grateful to Fitzjames Stephen for having stated and maintained it with extreme clearness.

Possibly some readers may expect me to speak of Sir James Stephen as an English judge. But, not having myself practised at the Common Law Bar, and not having been inside a criminal court since I was the late Mr. Justice Willes's marshal, just twenty-five years ago, I could say nothing at first hand except by way of comment on Sir James Stephen's reported judgments, and what I could say of those would be much too technical for these pages. I do believe, however, that at least once or twice his massive and direct presentation of legal principles did good service in checking one dangerous form of error; I mean that which consists in disguising a plain proposition of law in a cloud of uncertain words, and making a mystery of it for the purpose of deducing unsound consequences and calling them equity. Stephen always had the courage of his common sense, a quality that has sometimes failed greater lawyers.

I am not competent to comment on the preliminary chapter of family history, which to a large extent is new — at any rate in this complete and orderly presentation — even to many friends of the family. But it is one of the most interesting chapters in the book, and its record of a high level of ability and,

what is more, of character, kept up through so many generations and in so many branches of a common stock, is a document of permanent and intrinsic value.

From Nature.

THE PENDULUM AND GEOLOGY.¹

SINCE the number of swings, which a pendulum of given length makes in a certain number of hours, depends upon the attraction of the earth at the place where it is swinging, it follows that, if an observer carries the same pendulum to different places, and notes the number of swings at each place he visits, he can by that means compare the force of gravity at the several places. If the earth were a smooth spheroid consisting of concentric shells, each of uniform density throughout, then gravity would have the same value at all stations situated on the same parallel of latitude. But if, as is the case in nature, there are mountains and elevated plateaus along the course followed by the observer, gravity ought to vary from its normal value, and in fact it is found to do so. Theoretically it is possible to calculate what variation of gravity at a given station ought to be caused by the altitude of the station, and the attraction of the neighboring visible masses — *i.e.*, of the mountain or plateau where the pendulum is swung, and of the rock masses round about, and when these disturbing causes are allowed for, and the corresponding corrections made, the value of gravity as deduced from the rate of the pendulum might be expected to tally with what it would be at the base level, supposing the mountains and all the surrounding masses carted clean away, and the smooth surface of the globe laid bare. This correction is termed reducing to the sea level, or to the mean level if the

reference is made, not to the sea, but to some inland station. The question then to be answered for each station is, whether when this correction has been made, or, in technical language, when gravity has been reduced to the sea, or mean, level, does the reduction give the value which might be expected for the latitude? If it does not, this points to some deviation from regularity in the density of the earth's crust below the station, the nature of which may be inferred from the character and amount of residual discrepancy, when the reduction has been made. In this way it is that the pendulum becomes a kind of geological stethoscope.

In investigations of this kind, the elevated ground which forms the station is usually very much wider than it is high, so that, bearing in mind the law of the inverse square, it may be regarded as an extensive plain. If from local peculiarities it cannot be so regarded, compensatory allowances are made to bring it under that category. The effects of the station being situated on an elevated plateau are of three kinds, two of which cause gravity to appear smaller than it would appear at the sea level beneath the station, and one which causes it to appear greater. Of the two which make it appear smaller, the more important is, that the increased distance from the earth's centre causes the attraction of the earth as a whole to be diminished; the other, which is insignificant, and usually neglected, is that the increased distance from the axis of rotation increases the centrifugal force, which is opposed to gravity. The third effect, which causes gravity to appear greater than at the sea level, arises from the attraction of the matter of which the elevated plain, or mountain, is composed, for that may be regarded as an adventitious mass of rock, in excess of the sphere, placed beneath the pendulum. The reduction of the gravity observed at the station consists, therefore, in adding a correction equivalent to the diminution due to the elevation of the station, and subtracting a correction equivalent to the attraction of

¹ "Results of a Transcontinental Series of Gravity Measurements." By George Rockwell Putnam. "Notes on the Gravity Determinations Reported by Mr. G. R. Putnam." By Grove Karl Gilbert. (Washington, U.S.A.: "Philosophical Society's Bulletin," vol. xiii., pp. 31-76.)

the mass of the elevated plain. If the reduction so made does not bring the observed value to agree with the value at the sea level, appropriate to the latitude of the station, there must be some geological cause present to account for the discrepancy.

It came to light in 1847, in consequence of the great trigonometrical survey of India, that, on approaching the range of the Himalayas within about sixty miles, the plumb-line, or vertical, was slightly deflected towards the mountains, so that it did not remain exactly perpendicular to the earth's surface. This was what might have been expected, because the great rocky mass would naturally draw the plumb-line towards it. But when the attraction of the mountains came to be calculated, it was discovered, that, although their action was great enough to have caused a source of perplexity to the surveyors, it was nevertheless not so great as might have been expected. Clearly, then, some geological cause was latent, which required to be explained.

After some not very successful attempts at explanation by others, Airy, then astronomer royal, proposed in 1855 a solution of the difficulty which met the case. He assumed, as in those days was usually done, that the crust of the earth was comparatively thin, and rested upon a more or less liquid substratum, which in his paper in the "Philosophical Transactions" he called "lava." Then he showed that a great mountain mass would break the crust through unless it was supported by a protuberance beneath it, projecting downwards into a layer denser than itself. In short, it is needed to be held up in hydrostatic equilibrium, much as an iceberg is supported in the ocean; and he explained how, under these circumstances, the observed deficiency of attraction of the plumb-line towards the mountains would be accounted for.

Although this observation upon the plumb-line was not a direct investigation of the force of gravity, it was nevertheless conducive to it, for the unexpected abnormality in the hori-

zontal effect of mountain attraction rendered it probable that the same cause, whatever it might be, would produce some corresponding effect upon vertical attraction, *i.e.*, upon gravity. It has been explained how the pendulum is the suitable apparatus for measuring gravity, and accordingly the pendulum was called into requisition to make more direct observations. At certain stations of the Indian Survey, of which the height and position had already been determined, the mean number of swings, called the "vibration number," was observed, which were made by the pendulum in twenty-four hours; and the force of gravity at the different stations was thus compared. The local attraction of the elevated mass on which the pendulum stood, and the effect of elevation above the sea, were then allowed for, and the vibration number, when so corrected, was regarded as the vibration number for that station when reduced to the sea level. The pendulum used would have made eighty-six thousand vibrations in twenty-four hours at the equator. It must therefore have been slightly longer than a seconds pendulum, which would make eighty-six thousand four hundred in the same interval. The observations showed that there was a more or less marked deficiency of gravity over the whole continent of India, and that the deficiency was greatest at the most lofty stations. At Moré, 15,408 feet above the sea, the deficiency was enough to make the vibrations in twenty-four hours twenty-four fewer than they ought to have been if the attraction of the mountain had produced its full effect. It was obvious, therefore, that some hidden cause existed which counteracted the attraction of the mountain, and this could have been no other than a deficiency of density in the matter beneath it. The conclusion is identical with that reached by Airy in connection with the deflection of the plumb-line, namely, that the Himalayan range is supported by a downward protuberance, projecting into a more dense substratum.

This mode of support, as already remarked, is similar to what is termed hydrostatic equilibrium. As applied to the support of the earth's crust American geologists have given to it the name "isostasy," which well describes the phenomenon.

During the past year an extensive series of gravity measurements has been carried out by the Coast and Geodetic Survey of the United States by the use of the half-second's pendulum, a much smaller and more portable instrument for the determination of gravity than any hitherto employed. Observations were made at twenty-six stations, eighteen of which follow nearly along the thirty-ninth parallel of latitude; and these are particularly well adapted to throw light on important questions regarding the condition of the earth's crust.

This line of stations, commencing at the Atlantic coast, ascends to near the Appalachians, traverses the great central plain, gradually increasing in altitude from 495 to 6,041 feet, then rises to the high elevation of the main chain of the Rocky Mountains, reaching an altitude of 14,085 feet at Pike's Peak, descends into the eroded valleys of the Grand and Green Rivers, crosses the summit of the Wasatch ridge, and finally descends to the great western plateau of the continent.

This series of gravity determinations affords an exceptionally favorable opportunity of helping to determine whether the support of the elevated regions traversed appears to be best accounted for by rigidity in the foundations on which they rest, so that, in spite of their weight and the largeness of the area occupied by them, they are prevented from sinking down into the material beneath; or, on the other hand, whether they are supported, as we have said that Airy suggested, namely, by floating in a denser substratum, or, as the Americans say, by "isostasy," which is the same thing as hydrostatic equilibrium.

The general principle of the method pursued in reducing gravity to the sea level has been already explained. It consists in adding a correction equiva-

lent to the diminution of gravity due to the elevation of the station, and subtracting a correction equivalent to the attraction of the mass of the elevated plain upon which the station may be considered to be situated. When these two corrections have been made, gravity so corrected would be the same as that appropriate to the latitude, or, as it may be termed, to the "computed value," unless there is some deviation from regularity in the density of the matter below sea level. The result proved that this was the case. For gravity so reduced turned out to be invariably less than that appropriate to the latitude. It was clear, therefore, that at these stations in America there was a deficiency in density beneath the elevated districts, just as had already been found to be the case in India. There could be no doubt that isostasy had a share in contributing to their support. The inquiry was now carried a step further. Did each mountain individually owe its support to a separate protuberance of its own beneath it, or was the mountainous region as a whole supported in that manner, each separate mountain owing its support to the strength of the crust on which it was a mere excrescence? The case might be illustrated by conceiving a number of logs of wood of different sizes. If these float side by side in water, the larger logs will stand the higher above the surface of the water; but each log will have a part immersed which will be its individual support, and this will be deeper for the logs which stand the higher. But if these logs are placed upon a raft, the support will be general, and derived from the support of the part immersed of the entire raft, and its depth will depend upon the aggregate weight of the logs. Nevertheless it need not dip deepest beneath the logs which stand the highest above the water, or above the floor of the raft.

The presumption was against each elevation being separately isostatically supported, because the deficiency in gravity, and therefore in density, was not found to be greatest precisely be-

neath the highest stations. To carry out the inquiry more fully, it was considered that, by omitting the part of the reduction to the sea level which takes account of the attraction of the mass of the plain (which would mean omitting to subtract the attraction produced by it), we should, as it were, transfer its mass to the subjacent parts, and so make up for the lack of density, and obtain the condition of uniform density below the sea level. There would then remain only the correction for elevation necessary. If this proceeding gave the value appropriate to the latitude under each station, it would show that the individual stations were *seriatim* in isostatic equilibrium. But the attempt failed. It was found that the attraction of the matter of the more elevated stations was not separately compensated by defect of density immediately below. The analogy of the detached floating logs did not hold good. It remained to inquire whether the series of stations was in isostatic equilibrium when considered as a whole — the case more nearly analogous to the raft. If this were so, gravity, when reduced to the sea level, would be uniform for the whole tract.

For this purpose a mode of reduction devised by M. Faye was adopted. The altitude of the country surrounding the station within a radius of one hundred miles was reduced to a mean altitude, and the attraction of a plate of rock of thickness equal to the difference of altitude between this mean plain and the station was allowed for, and it was found that this correction brought the gravity at each station much nearer to the computed value for the latitude than either of the previous methods. The conclusion was that, when large areas were considered, they were approximately in isostatic equilibrium. "The result of this series [of observations] would therefore seem to lead to the conclusion, that general continental elevations are compensated by a deficiency of density in the matter below sea level, but that local topographical irregularities, whether elevations or depressions, are not compensated for,

but are maintained [supported] by the partial rigidity of the earth's crust." (Putnam.) "The measurements of gravity appear far more harmonious when the method of reduction postulates isostasy, than when it postulates high rigidity. Nearly all the local peculiarities of gravity admit of simple and rational explanation on the theory that the continent as a whole is approximately isostatic, and that the interior plain is almost perfectly isostatic." (Gilbert.)

It appears therefore that the crust of the earth is sufficiently thick and strong to carry such unequal loads as considerable mountains upon its surface without necessarily breaking through; but, when a large area is involved, it bends downwards into a denser material beneath, so that the crust and the load it carries are conjointly in approximate hydrostatic equilibrium.

O. FISHER.

From The National Review.

MY RESIDENCE IN BHOPAL.

As a rule in India, the English government leaves its feudatory chiefs severely alone, trusting to the political agents to see that no grave injustice is done to the people; but a few years ago circumstances in Bhopal forced on the rather novel experiment of an English minister; perhaps a short account of some of his experiences may be of interest.

This Mussalman State of Bhopal has long been one of the most loyal in India, and for three generations its begums have managed their own affairs with singular success. All three have been conspicuous for broad views, loyalty to the English, and the firmness with which they have ruled some sixty-seven hundred square miles of territory, with three-quarters of a million inhabitants, by no means wanting in turbulence and discontent.

It is often assumed, from the fact of the last three rulers having been ladies, that it is the rule of the State for the succession to run always in the female

line ; but this is not the case, it is only the accident of there having been no male in the past three generations. The present heir apparent has now two sons.

In the Indian Mutiny (1857-58) the Sikundur Begum, mother of the present ruler, gave valuable assistance to the English in their hour of need. She protected General Durand, who, with other refugees, had been driven from the Indore Residency by the mutinous sepoys of Maharajah Holkar ; and later on she sent a contingent of troops to join the force of General Sir Hugh Rose (afterwards Lord Strathnairn) in Central India, where they did good service. She maintained comparative peace and quiet throughout her extensive territory, in spite of the fact that to the east our own sepoys in Saugor gave serious cause for alarm ; to the west, Holkar's troops had openly revolted ; and to the north, the well-known Gwalior contingent had thrown off all allegiance to Scindia and joined the rebels. In the face of disasters to the English on all sides the Sikundur Begum never wavered in her loyalty.

I was present at a large durbar at Jabulpore in the cold season of 1859-60, and there heard Lord Canning thank the begum in a magnificent speech for her assistance and loyalty ; he also conferred on her the sovereignty of Bairsia, a province contiguous to Bhopal, that had been annexed from the Dhar State on account of its rebellion.

All went well in Bhopal during the lifetime of the Sikundur Begum ; after her death, her daughter, the Shah Jehan Begum, followed her mother's good example to the best of her ability for some years ; left a widow comparatively early, she subsequently, either from caprice or ill-advice, took to herself a second husband, quite unequal to her in birth, whatever he may have been in intellect.

Sadik Hasan was one of those many adventurers who have had extraordinary careers in Hindustan. Rising from an obscure family in Kanouj, near Delhi, he came to Bhopal as a

searcher after science (to translate literally the term "talub-i-Ilm") ; he attracted the attention and then the favor of Jehangir Khan, the prime minister of the State, whose daughter he married and by her had a family. He was provided with the post of a writer in his father-in-law's office, and subsequently rose to the position of head scribe (Mir Munshi) to the begum, and she eventually, after the death of Jehangir Khan's daughter, married him. Once married, she conferred on him all the powers she had so ably exercised, and on the post becoming vacant made him minister, she herself retiring behind the purdah and ceasing to take an active part in public life.

I only saw Sadik Hasan some seventeen years after this marriage ; he was then a tall, rather fine-built man, with strong Jewish features ; he disliked looking any one speaking to him in the face, and had a shifty sort of expression. He was by no means unlike the portrait of Judas Iscariot in Leonardo da Vinci's celebrated picture of the Last Supper, in the cavalry barracks at Milan.

Events showed that Sadik Hasan was not equal to the position in which fortune had placed him ; the administration of the State fell into disorder and into the hands of adventurers and intriguers, who had been attracted to Bhopal partly by his luck and partly as vultures are attracted to a carcass.

This was perhaps more the begum's misfortune than her fault ; she can hardly be blamed for conferring honor on her consort.

He gave me the idea of being an ambitious man, with a high opinion of himself, but his ambition inclined him more to pose as the head of a religious faction than as a man of arms and action. He was a Wahabi of strong religious tendencies, and his rules as to all religious observances — notably those connected with the Ramzan Fast — were more stringent than I have seen in any other part of India. At 3 A.M. daily the guns from the fort announced that the hour of fasting had struck,

and until the sunset gun fired at 7 P.M., neither food nor water was touched by the true believer.

This Wahabi sect is fanatical and at one time was credited with bitter feud against every one holding different views, especially the English unbeliever. I have before me a defence of Wahabiism objecting entirely to this doctrine; however that may be, Sadik Hasan's enemies did not scruple to charge him with corresponding with the queen's enemies; of this I never saw any proof, and I am quite certain that his wife never swerved in her loyalty, and would not willingly have allowed even a suggestion of disloyalty.

With the reins of government in the hands of the inexperienced Sadik Hasan, and his attention more concerned with the religious than the temporal aspects of life, it naturally followed that his subordinates improved the occasion. They induced the minister to introduce such part of the English system of land assessment as is based on a plane table survey and a classification of soils; but they eliminated all the safeguards which accompany every such settlement of land revenue in British India, and so succeeded in enhancing the State demand from thirty-seven to seventy-five laks of rupees; in other words, calculating, like the Indian government, ten rupees to the pound sterling (a rate which I sincerely wish was in force now), from £370,000 to £750,000. A new copper coinage was introduced on very favorable terms for the State contractors, but the reverse for the public, and various other measures, more or less unpopular; finally, the cry of oppression became so loud in 1884-85 that it forced the agent-governor-general at Indore to interfere. Sir Lepel Griffin's large experience enabled him, in spite of great opposition, to learn sufficient to warrant the government of India's removal of Sadik Hasan from the ministership, depriving him of the title of nawab—an honor conferred on the begum's consort by the British government—his salute, and ordering him

not to interfere in future with the management of the State. These orders vexed the begum to the bottom of her heart; she looked on them as a personal insult, in spite of the strongest assurances to the contrary, but she agreed to meet the views of government, and asked the viceroy to assist her in the selection of a minister.

The Shah Jehan Begum has long been a prominent figure in Indian politics; she is undoubtedly a striking character, a woman of strong will and passions; a strong partisan and an equally bitter hater; in her youth, active and energetic, and both respected and feared by the mixed population of Mussalmans and Hindus who required to be ruled by a strong hand, if only to preserve law and order. Naturally she felt sorely the degradation of her husband, and refused to see that he had brought it on himself.

Various native gentlemen of ascertained loyalty and talent were commended to her, but she would have none but a European minister, and at last the viceroy reluctantly consented to this on the condition that the European selected was approved by him before appointment.

In May, 1886, I was ordered to Simla, to be personally interviewed and receive the instructions of the viceroy, before going to Bhopal. The position was not sought for by me, and I had grave doubts as to its being tenable; I can safely say that it was only Lord Dufferin's kindness and his singular power of foreseeing and providing for unexpected difficulties that enabled me to carry on as minister for two and a half years. At the end of that time Lord Dufferin admitted that the position was untenable and accepted my resignation.

From the first the situation was difficult; in direct touch with the foreign secretary to the viceroy, the minister was to work in accord with the agent-governor-general at Indore, an easy matter as long as that officer held statesmanlike views, but, as the *Pioneer* put the case in December, 1888, "Mr. H. had succeeded Sir Lepel

Griffin at Indore, and Mr. H.'s idea of policy was to reverse everything that had been done by his predecessor."

The begum required a minister who would devote himself entirely to clearing the reputation of her husband at any cost, and obtaining the restoration of his title and salute.

The viceroy informed the minister that these objects were not within the scope of practical politics.

The political officers expected the minister to reform abuses and restore efficiency to a degraded administration.

The people expected a reduction of the land tax; a summary stop put to dacoity and cattle lifting—then rife all over the state; and the reform of all abuses before even the minister had time to discover what they were.

The foreign secretary expected the minister to restore the begum's confidence in the English government; to soothe her irritated feelings; to make the people contented; and, above all, to avoid raising any questions which would entail interrogations in Parliament.

Obviously there were too many masters, and they expected impossibilities.

June, 1886, saw the new minister launched into office and a very unpleasant position.

The begum, dissatisfied because she had not been allowed to appoint the man she selected as likely to carry out her views, received me with all those petty slights of which these chiefs are masters, in the vain hope that I would resign in disgust and return whence I came; but I was prepared for slights and took no notice of them.

After an interview matters improved—thanks chiefly to my having been entrusted by the viceroy with various courteous messages to the begum; another thing in my favor was that she was rather pleased to be relieved of Nawab Abdul Latifs Khan's presence; he had been for some months watching events in Bhopal and left when I came. The stiffness of our first meeting was greatly relieved by the appearance from behind the purdah of the begum's grandchild, Bilkis Jehan, a

pretty little princess between eleven and twelve years old, with most charming manners, and a special favorite of her grandmother's. I told her that both Lord and Lady Dufferin had spoken to me about her, and she was soon talking away entirely at her ease; she introduced quite a new phase into the proceedings, and it was not long before she and the begum put me through a complete catechism as to my antecedents.

Who was my father? was he alive? Why had I not brought any of my children to Bhopal? How many years had I served in military, how many in civil employ, and where? Why had I left a comfortable post in the Central Province Commission to come to a bed of thorns in Bhopal? Could I speak Persian? Where had I learned to speak Urdu so fluently? and many others.

I explained that I had learnt Persian twenty-five years before, when I was serving with the Guides, but had nearly forgotten it, as since then I had been working as settlement officer and magistrate among Hindus, but I could read and write sufficient to be understood, and could recover my knowledge of the language, if necessary, and if the begum would kindly assist me with a word when I was at a loss. She finally closed the interview with a compliment to my fluency in Urdu, and we parted on much better terms than I expected from the commencement of our conversation.

After this she issued formal orders, making over to me the executive authority in all its branches. She instructed her officials to deal with me as they had been accustomed to deal with her, and to look to the European for orders, promotion, reward, or punishment. The treasury she kept in her own hands, giving the minister a liberal budget allotment for payment of establishments.

The question of the minister's escort came up in one of my early interviews—as my predecessor told me he never went out without twenty cavalymen. I have always disliked show, so asked

the begum what her wishes were, as I preferred going about alone; she said if I did that people would accuse her of not treating me with proper respect. Eventually we decided on four on important occasions, two at other times; they were merely for show, not for protection.

For the first few months at Bhopal anonymous threats of assassination and warnings were constantly sent to me; these were at once consigned to the waste-paper basket, but somehow the begum heard of them (as she heard everything said, done—and I might almost say—thought, in my house), and asked me why I had not told her of them. I said the threats were far too foolish for me to trouble her with, as I knew I was quite as safe in Bhopal as in London. "Probably safer," she said, "for, if anything happened to you here, Bhopal would be colored pink in the map." All British India is colored pink.

This was in the days before the Manipur disaster.

On first arrival I lived in the guest-house usually occupied by the political officers, and, as this was inconvenient for them, I was ordered to build a house for myself, to cost thirty thousand rupees. I selected a site on a hillside a little to the south of the town where there was a beautiful view of the city with its mosques and minarets, and of one of the lakes which washes its walls. Bhopal is built on the northern side of two lakes; the larger is some four miles round, and supplies the whole place with abundance of good water, a blessing given by the Kudsia Begum, the grandmother of the present ruler, who constructed an excellent system of waterworks at her own cost, and endowed them by will with sufficient money to ensure the payment of the skilful Scotch engineer who carried them out, as long as he continued in charge.

The system is simple: the water is pumped up by powerful engines to reservoirs on the hill above, and thence it is carried by its own gravity in pipes all over the city. I was told that since

this introduction of good water there has been a marked decrease in cholera in Bhopal. It used formerly to break out in violent epidemics; during the two and a half years I was there a few sporadic cases only occurred.

Mr. Cooke, the engineer, was the only European resident in Bhopal when I went there, and was greatly respected by all classes. He soon laid the water on to my hillside, and in a few months the sandstone boulders gave place to terraces and green turf, where the flowers of the tropics bloomed side by side with English annuals and roses. I have never seen Marshal Niel roses in such perfection and profusion as in Bhopal. This garden was almost my only real pleasure; its cost to the State was very small, for I employed in laying it out some three hundred and fifty prisoners, who before my arrival had done no work, but lived a life of comparative ease and luxury, only dependent on their purses. Their life was lacking in neither luxury nor excitement; it was very similar to that described in any of the old accounts of prison life in England one hundred years ago. As long as money lasted the rich could do much as they pleased, while the poor were by no means badly off; well fed, their lodgings were somewhat overcrowded, and the worst offenders were fettered. Some had been rather long under trial, and when they had been disposed of, I suggested to the begum that it might be well to make prison life a little more deterrent, by finding suitable work for the prisoners. She quite agreed, only requested that they should not be employed near her palace; I therefore utilized them in quarrying stone for my house and laying out the garden. Naturally the change of *régime* was unpopular, and we were once or twice on the verge of a mutiny. One day the whole body of prisoners rushed their guards in the hope of obtaining arms—broke, and fled in all directions. The attack had been anticipated, the guards only carried sticks, and by nightfall the pickets brought back every single man, tired and crestfallen; they gave up

their ringleaders, and there was no further difficulty. They gave me infinitely less trouble than the porcupines, which climbed stone walls, burrowed under wire-netting, and revelled in the vegetable garden among young carrots—a temptation they could not resist—and cauliflowers, or feasted on arums and calladiums to their hearts' content until they were trapped or shot at night, as they are nocturnal animals. *Apropos* of this shooting, during the very hot weather I used to sleep out in the garden, and as the jungle was not far off I generally had a rifle on a chair by the bedside; one night the sentry roused me in great alarm, as there was a tiger close by—he had just seen it pass! My sight at night was never good, the moon was not near full, so I strained my eyes in vain; the sentry kept pointing out his tiger some forty yards off, and vowed he saw the tail moving, as the beast crouched under a bush. I thought I saw something where he pointed, the sentry swore by all his gods it was a tiger—so to put an end to the crisis, I fired! The only answer to the shot was the loud bray of a donkey, which, fortunately, clean missed, cantered gaily across the grass braying loudly! I was often asked afterwards if I had shot any more donkeys.

Work was unceasing; petitions poured in—probably in all the larger stream—because my doors were always open and many took undue advantage of this unwonted easy access to authority. Had I remained, I should have introduced a stamp on all petitions; this would have checked unfounded applications without interfering with true; but at first, while the undoubted land grievance was unredressed, I was bound to hear every one. As soon as the people saw that I was taking up the revision of the land tax, village by village, they ceased their petitions and waited their turn patiently; alas! poor people, I left before one third of the work was done.

When reporting to the begum one day that on visiting certain villages, and testing the classification of soils on

the spot, I had found very grave errors in the papers, I asked Sadik Hasan, who was present, why, when this outcry arose, he had not visited a few villages where the complaints were loudest, and seen for himself whether wheat and rice land had been shown as irrigated and growing opium! (nine out of ten of the complaints were of this,—opium land paying twenty-five to forty rupees per acre, while wheat land paid four rupees). Sadik Hasan said at once, "I know nothing of settlement officer's work; any one could have deceived me—I was forced to trust to the officials." It is not astonishing that these officials made hay while the sun shone.

But technical details of an Indian settlement officer's work are very uninteresting. I only refer briefly to them here as they made up the bulk of my two and a half years' work, and were the occasion of many a stormy interview with my royal employer, whose vigorous outbursts were occasionally startling. Once I staved off a serious difficulty by making her laugh; some question I had put before her caused considerable excitement, and in the warmth of the discussion her language became hardly Parliamentary (as it used to be before the Irish had introduced their vigorous vernacular). I waited till want of breath compelled a pause, then said that I had been married twenty years but never had such a scolding before; on this she burst out laughing and apologized.

One great drawback to my position was the necessity of transacting all business with the begum behind the purdah. I never knew whether she was alone or not. During Sadik Hasan's life she adhered most strictly to that seclusion, although before her marriage to him she used to ride about the country and personally interest herself in the well-doing of her people. Things went very well in those days.

She was rather shocked one day to see on my wife's table a photograph of herself and daughter, the Sultan Jehan, that had been taken before she married the second time. She evidently

thought it was hardly proper my having it.

Occasionally she would laugh at my slow progress in wading through some of the large files of Urdu papers known as "Misl." "Here, sahib, give me the Misl; what paper do you want me to see?" and she would find and read it in a trice.

The bitter feud between the begum and her daughter, the Sultan Jehan, the mother of little Princess Bilkis, was the most fertile source of trouble. She strongly resented the marriage of her mother and Sadik Hasan, and the former accused her of being the real cause of her husband's disgrace — by bringing his iniquities to the notice of the English authorities at Indore. The Sultan Jehan lived apart from and in strong antagonism to her mother and the nawab consort, but she allowed Bilkis to live with her grandmother, only visiting her own mother occasionally. There had been some gossip as to the intentions of Sadik Hasan to bring about a marriage between his son and Bilkis, either by fair or foul means; she was nearly of marriageable age, but whether there was any truth in this gossip or whether the story was only noised abroad as an excuse for Sultan Jehan's next move, I know not, but in May or June, 1887, on Bilkis visiting her mother, the latter sent a message to the begum that for Bilkis's safety's sake she would for the future remain with the Sultan Jehan.

One of the ladies of the palace came in haste to summon me. I found the begum in the deepest distress, and she told me that I must go at once and bring back Bilkis, the child she adored and on whom she lavished all her affections, her only friend, without whom she could not live.

I spent the day between the two houses. My sympathies were all with the begum in her loneliness, but I entirely failed in my mission. The sultan refused to allow Bilkis to return to her grandmother, even to say good-bye. On my offering to take the child and bring her back, the mother remarked, "The begum would care nothing for

your promise; once Bilkis was behind the purdah, she is effectually out of your reach." My harrowing accounts of the begum's grief did not move the daughter.

On returning unsuccessful the begum ordered me to take as many soldiers as were necessary and recover Bilkis by force. This, I had to explain, was quite impossible.

There is very little doubt that had an English minister not been in Bhopal, the Sultan Jehan would never have dared to remove Bilkis; if she had the begum would have taken the child back by force, careless of the bloodshed, as long as Bilkis was unhurt. This fact of Sultan Jehan's being thus protected from her mother's wrath by the presence of an English officer increased my difficulties largely.

In the absence of the child's softening influence, the begum grew daily harder, and I felt so deeply for her loneliness that I could not blame her for looking on me as possibly the unwilling, but certainly the direct, cause of her sorrow.

For weeks I carried messages backwards and forwards, and did my utmost to bring about a reconciliation, or induce the Sultan Jehan to visit the begum with Bilkis; occasionally I hoped that I was on the verge of success, but palace intrigues and the widespread feeling that any reconciliation between mother and daughter would be disastrous for Sadik Hasan's cause were too strong for me. Neither mother nor daughter had the smallest faith in each other, so I failed entirely. Bilkis never returned to her grandmother, who subsided into a life of loneliness, eating her heart out with bitterness.

I will tell the sad sequel of poor little Bilkis's story here, for it was the beginning of the end of my stay in Bhopal.

I think it was November of that same year the Sultan Jehan wrote me that Bilkis was suffering from severe fever; she wished me to see the child, and then call in an English doctor, as the native physician's, or hakim's, reme-

dies had failed. I consulted the begum ; she said she had nothing to do with the child ; I was responsible, as I had left her in her mother's charge. The English doctor from Hoshangabad, the nearest station, pronounced the fever typhoid, caused most likely by the insanitary condition and surroundings of the Sultan Jehan's house. Dr. Henderson did his best ; the child was moved to a garden-house about three miles from the city ; the parents would not agree to employ European nurses, or allow my wife to take charge of the patient and see that it was given that constant nourishment and unflinching attention which is of almost greater importance than medicine in typhoid fever. We did all we could and watched the child fade away day by day ; she was very patient, and very grateful for the little we could do. I took constant messages from her to her grandmother, and latterly, almost hourly, reports of the want of progress. I begged the begum to set aside her feud, if only for a time, and visit Bilkis. Had she followed her own inclinations I am quite certain she would have gone to see the sick child, but the feeling among her household against reconciliation was too strong for her. She was told that my reports were exaggerated and that my real object was to bring the begum and her daughter together ; her own hakims, after seeing Bilkis, assured her that the child was not so ill as I made out, and that the English doctor was mistaken as to the gravity of the illness, so to the last she would not go near the child. When it became a question of a few hours only the Sultan Jehan set aside her pride, went to the begum and implored her to come and say farewell to the dying child, who cried for her to the last ; she was driven from the palace by a storm of abuse.

That night the child died.

I shall never forget the scene on my reporting to the begum. I was accused of causing the child's death ; I ought to have sent away the English doctor and made over the patient to the begum's hakims ; the begum had sug-

gested this two days before, but the parents at once refused. Now she was as one distracted and refused all comfort or sympathy. I could obtain no orders or instructions as to the child's funeral ; I had to listen to a storm of invective and reproach against the parents for removing Bilkis from the palace, and myself for not having compelled them to bring her back. Her death was laid at my door, and finally I left, feeling deeply sorry for the poor lonely begum.

As I drove home through the city, the streets were crowded, the people were like sheep without a shepherd ; they wished to show all due respect to the heir apparent, while they were afraid of incurring the anger of the begum by showing civility to the daughter, whom the very day before she had driven from her presence with curses and threats.

I solved the difficulty by ordering a public funeral on the same lines as that of one of the begum's family some years before ; all officials were directed to attend, and early the next morning the remains of the bright little Bilkis were laid to rest in a small grove of orange-trees in the garden of the house where she died. Almost the whole city attended, and I have seldom seen a sadder or more impressive scene.

The next day I had to carry to the begum telegrams of condolence from the viceroy and Lady Dufferin ; she then took me to task for ordering a public funeral for the Sultan Jehan's daughter. I pleaded precedent and want of other instructions, and I told her that some day she would thank me for not having allowed her granddaughter to be buried like a dog.

She said "Never." And she never has.

With Bilkis passed away all the poetry of my intercourse with the begum ; she was never the same after the child's death, she took little interest in anything, and after a few months, finding that her antagonism impeded the progress of administration, in July I went to Simla and begged to be allowed to leave Bhopal.

When Lord Dufferin saw that I had not only to strive with the passive antagonism of the begum, but also the bias of the political officers at Indore against European management, he admitted that the position was untenable and accepted my resignation. I did not, however, leave the state till the end of December, just on the eve of Lord Dufferin's departure from India. I then returned to the Central Provinces as commissioner of the Nerbada division, thankful to be relieved of an arduous and impossible task; "impossible" because, although I had the viceroy's cordial support — after Sir Lepel Griffin left Indore — the political officers showed a marked bias against European management, and to be of any use the European minister must be able to count on either the loyal support of the political officers or their effacement; naturally they can hardly be expected to approve a policy that makes their work a sinecure, but it seems to be an open question whether they would not be of greater use to government as ministers than as political agents. It would be hard to find better men for the post, and they would gain a far closer insight into the internal economy of the States they administered than they are ever allowed to obtain at present, while the change could be arranged with no increase of expense. Possibly this proposal might not be popular with the "India for the Indians" party, although I see no reason why natives should be excluded from appointments of this description. India should be ruled by the best men we have, whatever their color; we have seen two splendid specimens of ministers a generation ago — Sir Salar Jung and Rajah Dhinka Rao. There is no reason why there should not be others equally good.

Raja Dhinka Rao was a personal friend of mine, and I consulted him before going to Bhopal; he foretold most of my troubles and strongly advised me not to go. He was almost the first friend I met on leaving, and he congratulated me warmly on getting

away from Bhopal without injury to my reputation.

After it was all over I never regretted the experience gained; there was much in the position that was deeply interesting, and I learnt more of real Indian life in those two and a half years than I had done in thirty years before in British India. There the Englishman is kept outside the inner life of the people; he cannot associate with them on equal terms; he is never admitted into the society of ladies, and all his knowledge of the upper classes is gathered from the society manners of his visitors; he is never allowed behind the scenes. We none of us in these days ever see domestic life in India such as Meadows Taylor pictured in "Tara" and his other books.

In Bhopal my constant personal attendance on the ruler, and the Bilkis episode — when for some months I had to go between mother and daughter, and was forced to hear both sides of the many questions at issue — opened up to me a novel atmosphere of intrigue of which I would gladly have kept clear, had it been possible, and gave me a curious insight into the inner life of an Indian palace.

Before going there I had vowed to keep myself altogether aloof from palace or family intrigues, but circumstances were too much for me; with two strong parties in the State, each with their own partisans, I found I had to hear something of every official of any position, and startling enough some of the "things" were.

Most of these high State officials come from Afghan stock. The rulers, too, have no pretence to a long line of blue-blooded ancestors; they are the descendants of an Afghan general in the service of one of the emperors of Delhi. He held an important command in Central India, and made himself ruler of Bhopal, while his master was fully engaged elsewhere; he maintained his position by the sword, assisted by the warlike qualities of his Pathan soldiers; his descendants have done the same, they have kept in touch

with their Afghan forefathers. New recruits from beyond the north-western frontier have constantly settled in the state, and with a veneer of Western civilization, they have preserved the purity of their language, using Persian or Urdu for all official purposes, while they have persistently refused to adopt the many English words, especially legal technical terms, such as appeal, summons, etc., which have become practically incorporated in the local vernaculars in British India.

Their begums have been conservative, and have held strong religious views, though occasionally, perhaps, somewhat lax in their observance and moral tone; at the same time, they have always shown marked liberality to religion and the arts and sciences. There are few Christians in the state, outside the military cantonment of Se-hore, with the exception of Roman Catholics, who have a church in Bhopal; and their presence is due to the fact that for many years there has been in the service of the State a family which claims direct descent from that Philip of Bourbon who is said to have landed in India as an adventurer early in the seventeenth century, and to have placed his sword at the disposal of one of the many kings then struggling to divide India by strength of arms and wit. One of his descendants drifted into the Bhopal State, and until the second marriage of the Shah Jehan Begum, his family had considerable influence and held large jaghirs (landed estates) which had been granted as rewards for many valuable services rendered when Bhopal was attacked and the city besieged in some of the early wars of this century. A history of this family would no doubt be curious, but it is beyond the scope of this article. I refer to them here, as I think that in a measure they account for the extensive knowledge of English history and religion, which is a feature of the rulers of the State; for instance, the Shah Jehan knew the name and genealogy of the whole of our royal family—in itself no small task—and she used frequently to com-

pare the Koran with our Bible; it was a constant puzzle to her how the various missionaries who applied for permission to reside in her territory, Baptists, Presbyterians, Catholics, etc., all managed to have each his own interpretation of the precepts of our one book, the Bible. She has always been very antagonistic to the advanced school of thought, and when Sir Syud Ahmed asked for help for his college for Mussalman youth at Aligurh, she directed me to tell him that she would never subscribe one rupee to a school which taught boys to believe in neither heaven nor hell. Almost at the same time she gave twenty-five thousand rupees to build a mosque at Woking, by no means the only mosque she has built and endowed.

She has treated physis and education equally liberally. Of late years she has built a hospital and a house for a lady doctor, whom she maintains at her own cost. In the main street of the city stands the large Prince of Wales Hospital, worked on the English system by an assistant-surgeon, educated in the Bombay Medical Schools, while near at hand the State hakim manages a dispensary on purely native principles; both are charitable institutions paid for by the State.

As regards education—the Sulimani-Madrussa (or school) is kept up at large cost; formerly some three hundred boys, Hindu or Mussalman, used to obtain a fairly good general education, and the school stood high in the estimation of the officers of the Central Provinces Educational Department, who at the request of the begum used to inspect it; of late years the institution suffered through the appointment by Sadik Hasan of a head-master with strong, not to say bigoted, religious views—who confined instruction almost entirely to the Koran—Persian and Arabic. To improve the school without interfering with the head-master was not the least of my difficulties; and I fear that I cannot congratulate myself much on my success.

It will probably be asked what hap-

pened after I left Bhopal; and this question I am hardly in a position to answer, for, once away, I avoided anything that might be construed into a semblance of interference with the administration of the State. I discouraged to the utmost of my power the many letters and some personal applications that I received begging me to return and complete the work I had begun—for I was anxious in no way to hamper my successor, whose task was no easy one.

Sadik Hasan died ten years after I left, so all necessity for intrigue to bring about his restoration to power ceased.

To the best of my knowledge there has been no cessation of the feud between mother and daughter; the Bilkis episode has never been either forgotten or forgiven on either side—and each still holds entirely aloof from the other.

The political officers in Central India have done their best to give the Sultan Jehan's two sons a good and liberal education to fit them for the position which, in all human probability, one of them is likely to occupy. They are, I hear, both growing up fine, manly young men. Their only surviving sister, Azaf Jehan, died last year. When I saw her last she was, I think, prettier than Bilkis, with the same bright, charming manner; her parents were devoted to her, so that her death must have been a severe blow to them.

When the day comes for the daughter to succeed to the throne—and it is to be hoped that that day is still far distant—I trust that the Sultan Jehan may prove an accomplished successor to her very able and loyal mother. She, too, is a woman of strong will and great determination of character. She has marked intelligence, and will, I am sure, be as unswerving in her loyalty to British government as her mother has ever been.

Both the rulers and the people have my best wishes for the future prosperity, both of themselves and their country.

H. C. E. WARD.

From The Saturday Review.
SOME REMINISCENCES.

BY SLATIN PASHA.

I WAS kept for eight months in chains by the Mahdi. The chains were of the thickness of my wrist, one round my neck and two about my arms and legs. In addition to this, I was tied to a pole like a dog or a bear. This treatment did not begin immediately upon my capture. The Mahdists never, of course, treated me very cordially, but considering their fanaticism towards all unbelievers, I had really not very much to complain of before I was cast into chains. To the Mahdists, all non-Mahdists are infidels, whether Mohammedan, Christian, Jew, or anything else, and all infidels are deemed worthy only to be slain. I was taken in the Mahdi's suite to Khartoum, and when we arrived at the walls, the Mahdi asked me to write a letter to General Gordon, calling upon him to surrender. Accordingly I wrote a letter in German, which no one in the Mahdi's camp could control in any way, and it was duly despatched. No answer, however, was returned, and from that, as well as from other indications, the Mahdi concluded that I had not carried out his wishes. Therefore he cast me into chains.

For the next eight months I was very badly treated. The chains were so heavy that I could scarcely rise up at all. When we moved from place to place, I was put on to a donkey, and two men walked by the side to prop me up. The object of this was to prevent my escaping into Khartoum, which they suspected I intended to do. When Khartoum fell, the Mahdists found certain documents which they considered incriminating, so they increased my irons and their severity towards me. Within an hour of Gordon's death his head was brought to me in my prison, wrapped up in a cloth which they unfolded before me. I had no difficulty in recognizing it at once. For some reason or other they had taken it into their heads that I was Gordon's nephew, and no amount of arguing could disabuse them of that

notion. They thought they recognized a likeness, and they kept repeating that we both had fair hair and blue eyes, as if that were conclusive. After all, one European seems very like another to them, just as one negro seems like another to us. I heard full details of Gordon's death afterwards, and shall publish them in my book next October. Gordon defended Khartoum as well as it was possible for him to do under the circumstances. I think Gordon might have escaped from Khartoum, had he wished to do so, at the last moment. He was killed on the top of the steps of the palace during the first rush of the invaders. One of the foremost men plunged a spear into his body; he was dragged down the steps in a wild tumult, and pierced through and through by countless spears.

For three months my diet consisted only of various kinds of corn, chiefly dourra, not ground, but in its hard indigestible state. Afterwards I was given beans and a kind of polenta. They would no doubt have killed me but that they considered me too valuable a prisoner. I had been governor-general of the Province of Darfur, and it added to their prestige to take me about with them and exhibit me as their prisoner. Besides, they thought it might be possible for them to make use of the influence I possessed in the district. I suffered a good deal in health during my confinement, being attacked by fever and dysentery. No one made any attempt at nursing me, or provided me with any remedies. I had to lie on the bare ground with a stone for my pillow, and was afforded no comfort or relaxation of any kind. I was released a couple of months or so before the Mahdi died, but the strictest watch was kept over me. On the death of the Mahdi I was made

one of the Khalifa's bodyguard, which meant that I was practically always under his eye. I used generally to be stationed outside his door, and was liable to be called in to do his bidding at any moment. Of the two, I preferred the Mahdi to the Khalifa. Until he threw me into chains, the Mahdi was comparatively amiable to me. He was a man of some education, knew how to read and write, and possessed an intimate acquaintance with the Mohammedan religion. The Khalifa has not the religious prestige of his predecessor, and is alienating many of his supporters by an attempt to found a dynasty. This he has no earthly right to do either by law or tradition. Before his son could succeed him, other Khalifas appointed by the late Mahdi would have a prior claim. Very strict rules are in force against either drinking spirituous liquors or smoking tobacco. Nor do the Mahdists use opium or hashish — for one reason, because they are not procurable. Any one caught smoking tobacco is liable to a punishment of a hundred lashes and the confiscation of all his property. In spite of that, there are still a good many persons who venture to do it secretly. All these regulations are simply a cloak for the most monstrous immorality. The Khalifa has a harem of four or five hundred women, and devotes a large part of his time to its amenities.

The Khalifa maintains his influence by tyranny and despotism, and the inhabitants — other than his own tribe — look forward anxiously to the time when Egypt will once again claim her lost provinces. But that is not a project to be undertaken too lightly, and when we do set about it we must be sure that we are able to carry it out to a successful issue.

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